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THE
HANDY-VOLUME



SHAKSPEARE.



VOL. XIII.

MACBETH.

POEMS AND SONNETS.

GLOSSARY.



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Whitefriars.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *sons to Duncan.*

MACBETH, *General of the King's Army, afterwards King.*

BANQUO, *General of the King's Army.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD, son to the Earl of Northumberland.

Son to Macduff.

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth when King.*

An English Doctor ; a Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier ; a Porter ; an old Man.

LADY MACBETH, *afterwards Queen.*

LADY MACDUFF.

A Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth when Queen.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE,—*In the end of Act IV. in ENGLAND ; through
the rest of the Play in SCOTLAND.*

MACBETH.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.



HEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's
done,

When the battle's lost and won :

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place ?

2 Witch. Upon the heath :

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

All. Paddock calls :—anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]



SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, and LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that
name,)

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark :

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their
heels,

But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Sold. Yes ;
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks ;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell :—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds ;

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him
surgeons. *[Exit Soldier, attended.]*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here ?

Mat. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !
So should he look that seems to speak strange
things.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :

—*Give me*, quoth I :

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I'the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid :

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum :

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about ;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine :

Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What
are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great pre-
diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none :

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more :

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ;
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor
lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,

And these are of them : whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had
stay'd !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about ?

Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it
not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.
Who's here ?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success : and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his : silenced with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post ; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of
Cawdor :

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. [*aside.*] What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do
you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combined with those of Norway ;
Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage ; or that with both he labour'd

In his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [aside.] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—[*To ROSSE and ANGUS.*]

Thanks for your pains.—

[*To BAN.*] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me,

Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good :—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*aside.*] If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him;
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour :—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—

[*To BAN.*] Think upon what hath chanced ; and,
at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die : who did report,

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implored your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O, worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserved ;

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and
servants :

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Mach. The rest is labour, which is not used
for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Mach. [*aside.*] The prince of Cumberland !—
That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so
valiant ;
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M.

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, *Thane of Cawdor*; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail, king that shalt be!* This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised:—yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou
have it:*
*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings ?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
 Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true ; our thane is
 coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. *[Exit Attendant.]*

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal ent(e)rance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering
 ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
 night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-yeild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the
Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage,
a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service.*

Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :

C 2

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now, what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have
you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business :

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Banquo.

NOW goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not
heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's hus-
bandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers !
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword ;

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's
a-bed :

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices :
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—
when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you !

[Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink
is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee :

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his
design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he
lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold :
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—
Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is
about it :

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have
awaked,

And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us.—Hark !—I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't—My hus-
band !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried *Murder!* that they did wake each other ;

I stood and heard them : but they did say their prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,

When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep
no more !*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the
house :

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep : and therefore
Cawdor*

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. —Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them ; and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;

Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame

To wear a heart so white.—[*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not
know myself. [Knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
turning the key.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock,
knock! Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the

expectation of plenty. Come in time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat for't. —[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the other devil's name ? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. —[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose. —[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock ! Never at quiet ! What are you ? —But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. —[*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

Porter. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock : and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes : it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not

stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?—
Our knocking has awaked him ; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call
For 'tis my limited service. *[Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does :—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we
lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they
say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of
death :

And, prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night :
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name
thee !

Macb., Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake !
awake !—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*
Ring the alarum bell.—Murder ! and treason !
Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself !—up, up, and see
The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. —

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo ! Banquo ! our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas ! what, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,

I had lived a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't,
The spring, the head : the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't :

Their hands and faces were all badged with
blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows :

They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate,
and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the mur-
derers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could
refrain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us ? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—
[LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :

In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in
blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well :

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this
sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named ; and gone to
Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there :—adieu !

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old. M. God's benison go with you, and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.**Banquo.*

**T**HOU hast it now, King, Cawdor,  
Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised ; and  
I fear

Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity ;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,) Why,  
by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? But hush ; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; LADY  
MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies,  
and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon ?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good  
advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the  
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are  
bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of  
state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call  
upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of  
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Tell seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with  
you.

[*Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men our  
pleasure?

*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Attend.*]

To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he  
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear : and under him  
My genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the  
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind ;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd :  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,  
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's  
there ?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*I Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held  
you

So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with  
you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd;  
the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,  
that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

*I Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is  
now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

*I Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are  
cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine ; and in such bloody  
distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life : and though I could  
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love ;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour, at most,



I will advise you where to plant yourselves :  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace ; always thought  
That I require a clearness : and with him,  
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;  
I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight ; abide  
within.

It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court ?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on ? Things without all  
remedy,

Should be without regard : what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd  
it ;

She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor  
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to  
peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;

Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further !

*Lady M.* Come on ;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be  
you :

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* .

You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;

Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's  
summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done ?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood ;  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do  
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee  
still ;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by  
ill :

So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn,  
with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he  
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of  
day :

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he ; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch  
preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

*Ban.* O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly ;  
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave !

[*Dies.* FLEANCE and Servant escape.]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much  
is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of state in the Palace.  
A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter* MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,  
Lords, and Attendants.

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down :  
at first,  
And last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends ;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their  
hearts' thanks :  
Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :  
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—[*Approaching the door.*]  
There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat his cut; that I did  
for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats :  
yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else  
been perfect ;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :  
As broad and general as the casing air :  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound  
in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he  
bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that :  
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's  
fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed ;  
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-  
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,  
'Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at  
home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !—  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Len.* May it please your highness sit ?

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance !

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your  
highness

To grace us with your royal company ?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where ?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What  
is't that moves your highness ?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.* What, my good lord ?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it : never  
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not  
well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is  
often thus,  
And hath been from his youth : 'pray you keep  
seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought  
He will again be well : if much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on  
that

Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,  
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces ? When all's  
done,

You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !  
how say you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak  
too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

*Lady M.* What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame !

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the  
olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would  
die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools : this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.



*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget :—  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health  
to all ;  
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill  
full :—

*Enter Ghost.*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;  
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the  
earth hide thee !  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with !

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !  
[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so !—being  
gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke  
the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me  
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!  
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood  
will have blood;  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the  
night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which  
is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies  
his person,  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way ; but I will send :  
There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters :  
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to  
know,  
By the worst means, the worst : for mine own  
good,  
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :  
Strange things I have in head, that will to  
hand ;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures,  
sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—

We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.— *The Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.*

*I Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ? you look  
angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold ? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death ;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art ?

And, which is worse, all you have done,  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now : get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning ; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside :  
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
Great business must be wrought ere noon :  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound ;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground ;  
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion :  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within,*] Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*  
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste : she'll soon  
be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENOX, and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth,—marry, he was dead :—  
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance  
kill'd,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late ;  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !  
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of  
sleep :  
Was that not nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well : and I do think,  
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should  
find  
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.  
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause  
he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself ?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court ; and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect : thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ; .  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;—  
All which we pine for now : and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the*  
*time*

*That clogs me with this answer.*

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed !

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him !  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a  
Cauldron boiling. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

*1 Witch.*

**T**HRIICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*2 Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-  
pig whined.

*3 Witch.* Harpier cries :—'tis time,  
'tis time.

*1 Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone,  
Days and nights hast thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

*2 Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake :  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble ;  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

*3 Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;  
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;

Liver of blaspheming Jew ;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—  
Make the gruel thick and slab ;  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, to the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done ! I commend your pains ;  
And every one shall share i' the gains,  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray ;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes :—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and mid-  
night hags,  
What is't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,



(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches : though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown  
down ;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the  
treasure  
Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath  
eaten

Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low ;  
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

*Thunder.* An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—  
enough.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks ;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word  
more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : here's  
another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to  
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff. What need I fear  
of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of a Child crowned, with  
a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no  
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers  
are :

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

*Macb.* That will never be ;

Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements !  
good !

Rebellious head rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing : tell me (if your art  
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom ?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied : deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me  
know :—

Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is  
this ?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show !

2 *Witch.* Show !

3 *Witch.* Show !

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order ;  
the last with a glass in his hand ; BANQUO following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;  
down !

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs :—and thy  
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—  
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags !

Why do you show me this ?—A fourth !—Start,  
eyes !

What ! will the line stretch out till the crack of  
doom ?

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more ; and some I see,  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :  
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so ?

I *Witch*. Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights ;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round :  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

*Macb.* Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this  
pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar !—  
Come in, without there !

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will ?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters ?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you ?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride ;  
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did  
hear

The galloping of horse. Who was't came by ?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring  
you word,  
*Macduff* is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England ?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-  
ploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;  
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a  
fool ;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :  
But no more sights !—Where are these gentle-  
men ?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's  
Castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly  
the land ?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none :  
His flight was madness. When our actions do  
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;  
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love :  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself. But, for your  
husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold  
rumour

From what we fear; yet know not what we  
fear;

But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you !

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's father-  
less.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay  
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :  
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead ;  
And what will you do now? How will you  
live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do  
they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the  
net, nor lime,  
The pitfall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they  
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do  
for a father ?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit ;  
and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother ?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor ?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so ?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor,  
and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear  
and lie ?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them ?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools :  
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the  
honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey !  
But how wilt thou do for a father ?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if  
you would not, it were a good sign that I should  
quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler ! how thou talkest !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you  
known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here : hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve  
you !

I dare abide no longer.

*[Exit.*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly ?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world ; where, to do harm,  
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas !  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm ?—

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces ?

*Mur.* Where is your husband ?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg !  
*[Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery !

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother :  
Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.*

*[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder ! and  
pursued by the Murderers.*



SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace.**Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade,  
and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us, rather,  
Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,  
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new  
morn,  
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new  
sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail ;  
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest ; you have loved him  
well ;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but  
something  
You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your  
pardon ;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :

Angels are bright still, though the brightest tell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find  
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of  
love,)

Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties :—you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country !  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou  
thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord :  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended ;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;  
It weeps, it bleeds : and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before ;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be ?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean : in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your  
daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-  
wink.

We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

*Mal.* With this there grows,  
In my most ill-composed affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;

Desire his jewels, and this other's house :  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.*

This avarice

Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own : all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none : the king-becoming  
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them ; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.*

O Scotland ! Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.*

*Fit to govern !*

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore  
thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,

Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste. But God above  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;  
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow ; and delight  
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth ;  
Now we'll together : and the chance of goodness  
Belike our warranted quarrel ! Why are you  
silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things  
at once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the king  
forth, I pray you ?

*Doct.* Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls

That stay his cure : their malady convinces  
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently améud.

*Mal.*

I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.*

'Tis call'd the evil ;

A most miraculous work in this good king :  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and, 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.*

See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him  
not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now : good God, betimes  
remove

The means that make us strangers !

*Rosse.*

Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.*

Alas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where  
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent  
the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow  
seems

A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What's the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the  
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

*Rosse.* No ; they were well at peace, when I  
did leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how  
goes it ?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort,  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast ?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue  
for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph ! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surprised ; your wife,  
and babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven !—  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your  
brows ;

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too ?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could  
be found.



*Macd.* And I must be from thence ! My wife  
kill'd too ?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted :  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty  
ones ?

Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop ?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so ;  
But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven  
look on,  
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them  
now !

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword : let  
grief  
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine  
eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle  
heavens,

Cut short all intermission ; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too !

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer  
you may ;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman*  
*Doctor.*

**I** HAVE two nights watched with you,  
but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her : stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light ?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now ? Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One ; two : why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him !

*Doct.* Do you mark that ?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife ; where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still :  
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this  
little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

*Doct.* What a sigh is there ! The heart is  
sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my  
bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* 'Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice :  
yet I have known those which have walked in  
their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your  
night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet  
again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out  
on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so ?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed ; there's knocking  
at the gate. Come, come, come, give me  
your hand. What's done cannot be undone.  
To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed ?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural  
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night :  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff,  
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file  
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant ?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :  
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there ?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the  
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

*[Exeunt, marching.]*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports ; let them  
fly all ;  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-  
colm ?  
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that  
know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me  
thus :  
*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of  
woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.* Then fly, false  
thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with  
fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon ;

Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain ?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?  
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. —Seyton !—I am sick at heart

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push  
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have lived long enough : my May of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :

And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,  
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton !—

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure ?

*Macb.* What news more ?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh  
be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine  
armour :—

How does your patient, doctor ?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that :  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none  
of it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from  
me :—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor,  
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest  
thou of them ?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord ; your royal prepa-  
ration  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—



I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. *[Exit.*

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane : a  
Wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD  
and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at  
hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us ?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a  
bough,

And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident  
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope :  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,  
and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outer  
walls;  
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's  
strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be  
ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that  
noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a  
word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story  
quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the  
hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave !

*[Striking him.]*

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not  
so ;  
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pall in resolution ; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*  
*Do come to Dunsinane ;*—and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—

If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now  
undone.—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Blow wind ! come wrack !  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the  
Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD,  
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now, near enough ; your leavy screens  
throw down,  
And show like those you are.—You, worthy  
uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak ; give  
them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.**Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I  
cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's  
he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter Young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a  
hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pro-  
nounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with  
my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.]*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.  
*[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show  
thy face:  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves ; either thou,  
Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst  
be ;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !

And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

*Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently  
render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
*[Exeunt. Alarum.]*

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool,  
and die  
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! *[They fight.]*

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour :  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me  
bleed :

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursèd be that tongue that tells me  
so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with  
thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last : before my body  
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

*[Exeunt, fighting.]*

*Retreat; flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :

He only lived but till he was a man ;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead ?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field : your  
cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before ?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why, then, God's soldier be he !  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death :  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more ;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :  
And, so, God be with him !—Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold,  
where stands



The usurper's cursèd head : the time is free :  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds ;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland !

*All.*

Hail, king of Scotland !

*[Flourish.]*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of  
time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place :  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

# POEMS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

SONG. — "TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

---

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

---

*Ovid.*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

**V**EN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping  
morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the  
chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

“Thrice fairer than myself,” thus she began,  
“The field’s chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are ;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy  
life.

“Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know :  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I’ll smother thee with kisses ;

“And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :  
A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser’s rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush’d and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble she fastens ; (O, how quick is love !)  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove :  
    Backward she push'd him, as she would be  
        thrust,  
    And govern'd him in strength, though not in  
        lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he  
    frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;  
    And kissing, speaks, with lustful language  
        broken,  
    " If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her  
    tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks :  
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :  
    He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;  
    What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;  
    Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his  
        chin,  
    And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;

She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;  
    Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of  
        flowers,  
    So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;  
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :  
    Rain added to a river that is rank,  
    Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty air she tunes her tale ;  
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;  
    Being red, she loves him best ; and being  
        white,  
    Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
    Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks  
        all wet ;  
    And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless  
        debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;  
So offers he to give what she did crave ;  
    But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
    He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn :  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :

“O, pity,” ’gan she cry, “flint-hearted boy!  
’Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

“I have been woo’d, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne’er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar :  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg’d for that which thou unask’d shalt  
have.

“Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

“Thus he that overruled I oversway’d,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :  
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obey’d,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil’d the god of fight !

“Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :—  
What see’st thou in the ground ? hold up thy  
head ;

Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies :  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?



“ Art thou ashamed to kiss ? then wink again,  
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night :  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :  
    These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean  
    Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

“ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be  
    tasted ;  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :  
    Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their  
    prime  
    Rot and consume themselves in little time.

“ Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O’er-worn, despisèd, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
    Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not  
    for thee ;  
    But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

“ Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;  
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in  
    turning ;  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burn-  
    ing ;  
    My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand  
    felt,  
    Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

“ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,

Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

“ Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support  
me;

Two strengthless doves will draw me through  
the sky,  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport  
me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

“ Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on  
theft.

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

“ Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to  
bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's  
abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
beauty,  
Thou wast begot;—to get, it is thy duty.

“ Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou  
feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?

By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;  
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook  
    them,  
And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;  
    Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
    So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,—  
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—  
    Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of  
    love !  
The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind ?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone !  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;  
    I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs :  
    If they burn too, I'll quench them with my  
    tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but  
    warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :  
    And were I not immortal, life were done,  
    Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

“ Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel  
What ’tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

“ What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me  
this?

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

“ Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;  
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.”

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :  
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :  
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;  
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?

Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,

The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :  
“ Pity,”—she cries,—“ some favour—some  
remorse ! ”

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a  
tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's  
thunder ;  
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,  
As who should say, Lo ! thus my strength is  
tried ;  
And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering "holla," or his "Stand, I say"?  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed;

So did this horse excel a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and  
 long,

Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril  
 wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing  
 strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:

Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;

Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;

To bid the wind a base he now prepares,

And whether he run, or fly, they knew not  
 whether;

For through his mane and tail the high wind  
 sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather's  
 wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;

She answers him, as if she knew his mind:

Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :  
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;  
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie  
    them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast ;  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,



And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy !  
But now her cheek was pale, and by-and-by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's  
print,  
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the  
wooing :  
And all this dumb play had his acts made  
plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did  
rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :

“O, fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure  
thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would  
cure thee.”

“Give me my hand,” saith he, “why dost thou  
feel it ?”

“Give me my heart,” saith she, “and thou shalt  
have it ;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.”

“For shame,” he cries, “let go, and let me  
go ;

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.”

Thus she replies : “Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;

Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath  
none,

Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

“How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

“ Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight ?

Who is so faint that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

“ Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy ;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach  
thee :

O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,  
And, once made perfect, never lost again.”

“ I know not love,” quoth he, “ nor will not  
know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;  
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a  
breath.

“ Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being  
young,  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate :

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your  
flattery ;

For where a heart is hard, they make no  
battery."

"What ! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast  
thou a tongue ?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-  
sounding,

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore  
wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible ;  
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible :

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;

For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by  
smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !

Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage yield  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it  
red ;

And all-amazed brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;

He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;  
He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumined with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave  
light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or  
heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?  
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?  
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such  
disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their  
queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

“Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year !  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

“Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips im-  
printed,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good deal-  
ing ;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of  
slips,  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

“A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should  
double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?”

“Fair queen,” quoth he, “if any love you owe  
me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years ;  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks  
fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

“Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :

The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's  
light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'good night,' and so say  
you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says  
"adieu,"

The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to  
face;

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward  
drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with  
dearth,  
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding  
prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price  
so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;



Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth  
boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's  
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much  
handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression ?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with  
venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :  
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is  
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave  
over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis  
pluck'd :  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all  
at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :

She is resolved go longer to restrain him ;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste  
in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to  
watch.

Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the  
match?"

He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw :  
The warm effects which she in him finds  
missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved ;  
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee ;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.

“Fie, fie,” he says, “you crush me ; let me  
go ;  
You have no reason to withhold me so.”

“Thou hadst been gone,” quoth she, “sweet boy,  
ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the  
boar.

O, be advised ! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheathed he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

“On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;  
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth  
fret :

His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;  
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

“His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can  
enter ;

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :

The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he  
rushes.

“Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;

Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal cyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;  
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread !)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

“ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still !  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :  
Come not within his danger by thy will ;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-  
semble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

“ Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?  
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no  
rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my  
breast.

“ For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, ‘ kill, kill ; ’  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

“ This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

“And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore ;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang  
the head.

“What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination ?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination :  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

“But if thou needs will hunt, be ruled by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :  
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,  
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with  
thy hounds.

“And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :  
The many musits through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

“Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :  
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

"For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt;  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;

Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;  
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so ;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave ?"—"No matter where,"  
quoth he ;

"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :  
The night is spent."—"Why, what of that ?"  
quoth she.

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends ;  
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."  
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

“ But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

“ Now of this dark night I perceive the reason :  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's  
despite,  
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

“ And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery ;

“ As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-  
spair,  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

“ And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

“ Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must  
have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

“ So in thyself thyself art made away ;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do  
slay,  
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.”

“ Nay, then,” quoth Adon, “ you will fall  
again  
Into your idle over-handled theme ;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;  
For by this black-faced night, desire’s foul  
nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and  
worse.

“ If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your  
own,



Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine  
ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

" Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

" What have you urged that I cannot reprove ?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase ; O, strange excuse !  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

" Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name ;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

" Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
Love surfeits not ; Lust like a glutton dies :  
Love is all truth ; Lust full of forged lies.

" More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;  
The text is old, the orator too green :

Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;  
    Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
    Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her  
    breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund runs  
    apace ;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
    Look, how a bright star shooteth from the  
    sky,  
    So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend ;  
    So did the merciless and pitchy night  
    Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;  
    Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
    Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :  
    "Ah me !" she cries, and twenty times,  
    " Woe, woe !"  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty ;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men  
dote ;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in "Woe,"  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :  
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport :  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds-resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?

She says, "'tis so:" they answer all, "'tis so ;"  
And would say after her, if she said "no."

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :  
"O, thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth  
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :  
    Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
    And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
    Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
    Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay ;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and  
    shudder ;  
    Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
    Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :  
    Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
    They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :  
    Like soldiers, when their captain once doth  
    yield,  
    They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;  
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,  
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid ;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more :—

And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;  
She treads the path that she untreads again ;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howl-  
ing.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death :

“ Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,” (thus chides she Death,)

“ Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost  
thou mean

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,  
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

“ If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it :—  
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

“ Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

“ Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such  
weeping ?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour ”

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices,  
stopp'd

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver  
rain,

And with his strong course opens them  
again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's  
sorrow,

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet  
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief ;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so

That every present sorrow seemeth chief,

But none is best ; then join they all together,

Like many clouds consulting for foul wea-  
ther.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo :

A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :

The dire imagination she did follow

This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;

For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,

And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;

Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O, hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;  
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;  
It was not she that call'd him all-to naught ;  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;  
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for  
kings,  
Imperious sùpreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but  
jest ;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;  
Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my  
tongue,  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;  
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander :  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet,  
Could rule them both, without ten women's  
wit."



Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs ; and  
stories  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

“O Jove,” quoth she, “how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

“Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm’d with thieves ;  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.”  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar’s conquest on her fair delight ;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder’d with the view,  
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves with-  
drew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother’d up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head ;

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again ;  
    Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
    By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes :  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,  
    This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
    That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :  
    No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
    But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;  
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :  
    Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;  
    Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem  
    three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye  
That makes more gashes where no breach should  
be :

His face seems twain, each several limb is  
doubled ;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
troubled.

“ My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet,” quoth she, “ behold two Adons dead !  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn’d to fire, my heart to lead :

Heavy heart’s lead, melt at mine eyes’ red  
fire !

So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

“ Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
What face remains alive that’s worth the  
viewing ?

Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou  
boast

Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and  
trim ;

But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

“ Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss  
you :

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air  
Lurk’d like two thieves to rob him of his fair ;

“ And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep ;  
And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry  
his tears.

“ To see his face the lion walk’d along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear  
him ;  
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

“ When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red  
cherries ;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with  
berries.

“ But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore :  
Witness the entertainment that he gave ;  
If he did see his face, why then I know  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheathed, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

“ Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill’d him  
first ;

But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.”

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed  
blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woeful words she told :

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness  
lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell’d,  
And every beauty robb’d of his effect :

“ Wonder of time,” quoth she, “ this is my  
spite,

That, thou being dead, the day should yet be  
light.

“ Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,

Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;

Ne’er settled equally, but high or low ;

That all love’s pleasure shall not match his  
woe.

“ It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;

The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to  
speak.

" It shall be sparing, and too full of riot ;  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-  
sures :  
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

" It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most to-  
ward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

" It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire ;  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness  
stood.

She bows her head, the new sprung flower to  
smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to  
tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's  
guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes :  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :  
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and  
night !  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their  
queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HON. HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship ; to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife ; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every



one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



**F**ROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
 Borne by the trustless wings of false  
 desire,  
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Ro-  
 man host,  
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's  
beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun !  
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator ;  
What needeth, then, apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular ?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :

Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
     His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
     should vaunt  
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those .  
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
     O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
     Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows  
     old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,  
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
 Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
     shame ;  
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
 Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field :  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
     Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
     When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
     white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white :  
 Of either's colour was the other queen,

Proving from world's minority their right :  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
Where, lest between them both it should be  
kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow  
tongue  
(The niggard prodigal that praised her so)  
In that high task hath done her duty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth  
owe,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on  
evil ;  
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
     But poorly rich, so wanteth in his store  
     That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for  
     more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
     hooks ;  
     Nor could she moralize his wanton sight  
     More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;  
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;  
     Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth ex-  
     press,  
     And, wordless, so greets heaven for his suc-  
     cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there.  
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
     Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
     And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending weariness with heavy spright ;  
 For, after supper, long he questioned

With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth  
fight ;

And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,  
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-  
staining ;

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;  
And when great treasure is the meed pro-  
posed,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death  
supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they pos-  
sess

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich  
gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;  
As life for honour in fell battle's rage ;  
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth  
cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect ;  
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
 In having much, torments us with defect  
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect  
     The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
     Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;  
 And for himself himself he must forsake :  
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?  
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
     When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
     To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful  
     days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
 When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes ;  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;  
 Now serves the season that they may surprise  
     The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and  
     still,  
     While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;  
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;  
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;  
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
     Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,  
     Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,

Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :

“ As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.”

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise ;  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

“ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it  
not

To darken her whose light excelleth thine !  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine !  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
weed.

“ O shame to knighthood and to shining  
arms !

O foul dishonour to my household's grave !  
O impious act, including all foul harms !  
A martial man to be soit fancy's slave ;  
True valour still a true respect should have ;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eyesore in my golden coat ;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,



To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;  
 That my posterity, shamed with the note,  
     Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
 To wish that I their father had not bin.

“ What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :  
 Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week ?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy ?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?  
     Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
     Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
     down ?

“ If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?  
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
     This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
     Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

“ O, what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a  
     deed ?  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints  
     shake ?  
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart  
     bleed ?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;  
     And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
     But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

“ Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire,  
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire

Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

“Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
I’ll beg her love;—but she is not her own;  
The worst is but denial, and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.”

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, “She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

“And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear;  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,  
Until her husband’s welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

“Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?  
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
 dreadeth:

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

“Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
 Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;  
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure  
 lies?”

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
 Away he steals with open listening ear,  
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
 Unto a view so false will not incline;  
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,

Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;  
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him  
there;

They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal leads him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth  
scorch,

Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needl his finger pricks:  
As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inured; return again in haste;  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay  
him,

He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

“So, so,” quoth he, “these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
 and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.”

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr’d him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That, for his prey, to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the eternal power,  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair  
 fair,  
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, “I must de-  
 flower;  
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they, then, assist me in the act?

“Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back’d with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be  
 tried,

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will  
catch ;

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
Which gives the watchword to his hand full  
soon,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
posed ;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves en-  
closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill !  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side

In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
     And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
     Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed is:  
     Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
     To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their  
     light,  
     And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
     breath;  
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
     As if between them twain there were no  
     strife,  
     But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with  
     blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,

And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred :  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her  
side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage  
fighting,  
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans re-  
specting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their  
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,



Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his  
stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did  
scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up  
eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;  
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)  
May feel her heart, (poor citizen !) distress'd,

Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : " The colour in thy face  
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

" Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :  
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

" I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,  
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
     breed;  
 But nothing can Affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
     Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
     Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:  
 So under his insulting falchion lies  
     Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,  
     With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy  
     thee:  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;  
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
     And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
     Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
     Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
     And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;

A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound ; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

“ Then, for thy husband and thy children’s sake,  
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot ;  
Worse than a slavish wive, or birth-hour’s blot :  
For marks descried in men’s nativity  
Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.”

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the grype’s sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth  
threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth  
get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their  
biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;  
So his unhallow’d haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse  
panteth ;

Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :  
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
     No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
     Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
         raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;  
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place,  
     And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
     That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's  
     oath,  
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
 By holy human law, and common troth,  
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
     That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
     And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, " Reward not hospitality  
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;  
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;  
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;  
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended :  
     He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
     To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

" My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare  
     me ;  
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;  
 Myself a weakling, do not, then, ensnare me ;

Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me :  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
thee.

If ever man were moved with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart ;  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolved to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the  
same,

Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a  
king ?

O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away ;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear ;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,

When they in thee the like offences prove :  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;  
     For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
     Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do  
     look.

“ And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
     learn ?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name ?  
     Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
     And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

“ Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,  
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
     When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
     He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the  
     way ?

“ Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
 To view thy present trespass in another.  
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
 Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy  
     brother.

“ O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
 That from their own misdeeds askance their  
     eyes !

“ To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,  
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;

I sue for exiled majesty's repeal ;  
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
 His true respect will 'prison false desire,  
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he ; "my uncontrolled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'  
 haste,  
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign  
 king ;  
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,  
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed."

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their  
 slave ;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;  
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root."

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—  
 "No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not  
 hear thee !



Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,  
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear  
     thee ;  
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
     Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
     To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :  
 Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
 The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb  
     cries,  
     Till with her own white fleece her voice con-  
     troll'd  
     Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !  
     The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
     Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;  
 This forcèd league doth force a further strife ;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain :  
     Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
     And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

The prey wherein by nature they delight ;  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination !  
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless  
pace,  
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with  
Grace,  
For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—  
That through the length of times he stands dis-  
graced :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjec-  
tion

Her immortality, and make her thrall  
 To living death, and pain perpetual :  
     Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
     But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
     stealeth,  
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
     She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
     And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;  
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth  
     tear ;  
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;  
     She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
     He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed  
     delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;  
 She there remains a hopeless castaway :  
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ;  
 She prays she never may behold the day ;  
 "For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open  
     lay ;  
     And my true eyes have never practised how  
     To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,

To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may  
find

Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.  
Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her  
spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night :

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !  
Dim register and notary of shame !  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !  
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !  
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator  
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night !  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time !  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden  
head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;  
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make  
sick  
The life of purity, the sùpreme fair,

Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
     That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

“Were Tarquin Night, (as he is but Night's  
     child,)

The silver-shining queen he would distain ;  
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,  
 Through Night's black bosom should not peep  
     again :

So should I have copartners in my pain :  
     And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

“Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with  
     mine,

To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;  
 But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
     Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with  
     groans,  
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

“O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
 Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace !  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
     That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade !

“Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !  
 The light will show, charáctér'd in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,

The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my  
looks.

“The nurse, to still her child, will tell my  
story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's  
name ;

The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

“Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserved reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

“O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !  
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,  
knows !

“If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,

Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :  
     In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath  
         crept,  
     And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee  
         kept.

“ Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :  
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
     And talk'd of virtue ;—O, unlook'd-for evil,  
     When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

“ Why should the worm intrude the maiden  
     bud ?  
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?  
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?  
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?  
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
     But no perfection is so absolute,  
     That some impurity doth not pollute.

“ The agèd man that coffers up his gold  
 Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful  
     fits ;  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;  
     Having no other pleasure of his gain  
     But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

“ So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it :

Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursèd-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

“Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious  
flowers ;

The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours :

We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

“O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :  
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may  
get ;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at rea-  
son ;

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy  
him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

“Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;  
Thou foul abetter ! thou notorious bawd ;  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :

Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast ;  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name ;



Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
 Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

“ When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's  
 friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?  
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to  
 end ?

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
 thee ;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

“ The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds,  
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;  
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;  
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's  
 rages,

Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. .

“ When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee  
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
 They buy thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me  
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by  
 thee.

“ Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;  
 Guilty of perjury and subornation ;

Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination :  
An accessary by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

“ Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin’s pack-horse, virtue’s  
snare ;

Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.  
O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

“ Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray’d the hours thou gav’st me to repose ?  
Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes ?  
Time’s office is to fine the hate of foes ;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

“ Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to  
light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right ;  
To ruinat proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden  
towers :

“ To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;  
     To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
     And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

“To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
 To make the child a man, the man a child,  
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled ;  
     To cheer the ploughman with increaseful  
     crops,  
     And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

“Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
 One poor retiring minute in an age  
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand  
     friends,  
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
     O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour  
     come back,  
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !

“Thou ceaseless lackey to Eternity,  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his  
     flight :  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
 To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night :  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;  
     And the dire thought of his committed evil  
     Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

“Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans ;  
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than  
stones ;

And let mild women to him lose their mild-  
ness,

Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;

And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport :

And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this  
ill !

At his own shadow let the thief run mad !  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
spill :

For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing

That makes him honour'd, or begets him  
hate ;

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

“ The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in  
mire,

And unperceived fly with the filth away ;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious  
day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

“ Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !

Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !

Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,

Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;

To trembling clients be you mediators :

For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

“ In vain I rail at Opportunity,

At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;

In vain I cavil with my infamy,

In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :

This helpless smoke of words doth me no  
right.

The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

“ Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?

Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;

For if I die, my honour lives in thee,

But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afear'd to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death :  
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath.  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife ;  
So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O ! that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery ;  
A dying life to living infamy ;  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth ;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :  
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

“Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
     And with my trespass never will dispense,  
     Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

“I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
 My tongue shall utter all : mine eyes like sluices,  
     As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
     Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure  
     tale.”

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,  
 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :  
     But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
     And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits  
     weeping ;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks : “O, eye of eyes,  
 Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave  
     thy peeping ;  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are  
     sleeping :  
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what's done by  
     night.”

Thus cavils she with everything she sees :  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought  
agrees.

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still  
With too much labour drowns for want of  
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;  
No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no  
words ;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
Grief best is pleased with grief's society :  
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache  
more ;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows :  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.



"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes  
entomb

Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :)

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with  
tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :

As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,

And with deep groans the diapason bear :

For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,

To imitate thee well, against my heart

Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,

Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-  
ment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,

Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,

We will find out ; and there we will unfold

To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
kinds :

Since men prove beasts let beasts bear gentle  
minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily ;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is shamed, and death reproach's  
debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack ! what  
were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confu-  
sion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion  
Who, having two sweet babes, when Death  
takes one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine ?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine ?  
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :  
Then let it not be call'd impiety  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled  
soul.

“ Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
     Which, by him tainted, shall for him be spent,  
 And, as his due, writ in my testament.

“ My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;  
 The one will live, the other being dead :  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
     For in my death I murder shameful scorn :  
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

“ Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou revenged mayst be.  
 How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :  
     Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

“ This brief abridgment of my will I make :—  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;  
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;  
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my  
     wound ;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;  
     And all my fame that lives disbursèd be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

“ Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;

My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'so be it.'

Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer  
thee ;

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors  
be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wiped the brinish pearl from her white  
eyes,

With untuned tongue she hoarsely call'd her  
maid,

Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers  
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their  
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery ;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with  
woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy  
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :  
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand  
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;  
     Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
     And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
     hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;  
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange  
     kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
     No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
     Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :  
     Though men can cover crimes with bold stern  
     looks,  
     Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour  
 Is worthy blame.    O, let it not be hild  
 Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd  
     With men's abuses ! those proud lords, to  
     blame,  
     Make weak-made women tenants to their  
     shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread ;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :  
“ My girl,” quoth she, “ on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :  
If tears could help, mine own would do me  
good.

“ But tell me, girl, when went ”—(and there she  
stay'd  
Till after a deep groan) “ Tarquin from hence ? ”  
“ Madam, ere I was up,” replied the maid,  
“ The more to blame my sluggard negligence :  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

“ But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.”  
“ O, peace ! ” quoth Lucrece ; “ if it should be  
told,

The repetition cannot make it less ;  
For more it is than I can well express :  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to  
tell.

“Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—  
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
 What should I say?—One of my husband’s  
     men  
 Bid thou be ready, by-and-by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;  
     Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :  
     The cause craves haste, and it will soon be  
     writ.”

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o’er the paper with her quill :  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;  
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with  
     will ;  
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :  
     Much like a press of people at a door,  
     Throng her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins :—“Thou worthy lord  
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
 Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to afford  
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
 Some present speed to come and visit me :  
     So I commend me from our house in grief ;  
     My woes are tedious, though my words are  
     brief.”

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
 By this short schedule Collatine may know  
 Her grief, but not her grief’s true quality ;  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
     Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
     Ere she with blood had stain’d her stain’d  
     excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear  
her ;

When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace  
the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear  
her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the  
letter

With words, till action might become them  
better.

To see sad sights move more than hear them  
told ;

For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow  
fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
“ At Ardea to my lord with more than haste : ”

The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast :

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems ;

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein court'sies to her low ;  
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,



And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
     Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;  
     For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her  
         shame ;

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
     Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age  
     Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's  
     lust,  
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
     The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-  
     plenish,  
     The more she thought he spied in her some  
         blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
     That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
     Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;  
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life :  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's  
    strife ;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would  
    appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
    Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
    That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling  
    paces ;  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and  
    tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;

Their face their manners most expressly told :  
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
     But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
     Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
 Making such sober action with his hand,  
 That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
     Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did  
         fly  
     Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the  
         sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;  
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice :  
     The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
     To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's  
     ear ;  
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n  
     and red ;  
 Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
     As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
     It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

Griped in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy,  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd  
to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan, where they  
fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than  
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's  
reign ;  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were  
disguised ;

Of what she was no semblance did remain :  
 Her blue-blood changed to black, in every vein,  
     Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes  
     had fed,  
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,  
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :  
 The painter was no god to lend her those ;  
     And therefore Lucrece swears he did her  
     wrong,  
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,  
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue :  
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong ;  
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so  
     long ;  
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear ;  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;  
     And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
     The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter,  
     die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the public plague of many mo ?  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone

Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general ?

“Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds ;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds :  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with  
fire.”

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencill'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow ;  
She lends them words, and she their looks  
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,

A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
     That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
 And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
     Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like  
     forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
 For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;  
 Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining  
     glory  
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
     faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill ;  
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,  
 So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill ;  
 And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,  
     Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much  
     guile"—  
 (She would have said) "can lurk in such a look ;"  
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,

And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:

"It cannot be," she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled  
With outward honesty, but yet defiled  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his  
eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds;  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,



Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :  
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;  
 "Fool ! Fool !" quoth she, " his wounds will  
 not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And Time doth weary time with her complaining.  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for  
 morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;  
 And they that watch see time how slow it  
 creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent :  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment ;  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
 To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
 Brings home his lord and other company ;  
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;  
 And round about her tear-distained eye  
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.  
 These water-galls in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares :  
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and  
 raw,

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;  
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's  
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins : " What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling  
stand ?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?  
Why art thou thus attired in discontent ?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow  
fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :  
At length address'd to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :  
" Few words," quoth she, " shall fit the trespass  
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
In me more woes than words are now depending ;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

" Then be this all the task it hath to say :—  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary  
head ;

And what wrong else may be imaginèd  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

“ For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, ‘Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love’s desire do contradict.

“ ‘For some hard-favour’d groom of thine,’  
quoth he,

‘Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I’ll murder straight, and then I’ll slaughter  
thee,

And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.’

“ With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word :  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her  
groom.

“ Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;

No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;  
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner  
dies.

“O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this  
abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
That was not forced ; that never was inclined  
To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.”

Lo, here, the helpless merchant of this loss,  
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with  
woe,  
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so :  
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks up  
again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief  
draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :

"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
 More feeling-painful : let it, then, suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee  
 so,  
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend  
 me  
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend  
 me  
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth  
 she,  
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)  
 "Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor  
 ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd :  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth  
 she,  
 "How may this forcèd stain be wiped from  
 me ?

“What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain’d with dreadful circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declinèd honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison’d fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?”

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body’s stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.

“No, no,” quoth she, “no dame, hereafter  
living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse’s giving.”

Here, with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin’s name: “He, he!”  
she says,

But more than “he!” her poor tongue could not  
speak;

Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this: “He, he, fair lords, ’tis he,

That guides this hand to give this wound to  
me!”

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath’d

Her winged sprite, and through her wounds  
doth fly

Life’s lasting date from cancell’d destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
     The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
     Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood  
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
     Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
     And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
     stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
     And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
     Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

" Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,  
 " That life was mine which thou hast here  
     deprived.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
     If children predecease progenitors,  
     We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

" Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born ;

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bareboned death by time outworn ;  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was !

“O Time, cease thou thy course, and last no  
longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten Death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :  
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee !”

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart  
aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime “Tarquin” was pronounced  
plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,



Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for  
 wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she  
 is,"

Replies her husband : "do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say  
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd !"  
 "Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my  
 wife,

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."  
 "My daughter !" and "my wife !" with clamours  
 fill'd

The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
 Answer'd their cries, "my daughter !" and  
 "my wife !"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
 He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;

And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he,  
    "arise ;  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
    deeds ?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?  
Such childish humour from weak minds pro-  
    ceeds :  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her  
    foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
    (Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-  
        graced,)  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
    chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's  
    store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife !"

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

# SONNETS.

---

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .  
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .  
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .  
PROMISED .  
BY .  
OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .  
WISHETH .  
THE . WELL-WISHING .  
ADVENTVRER . IN .  
SETTING .  
FORTH .

T. T.\*

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I.

**F**ROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never  
die,

But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

\* Thomas Thorpe, who published the Sonnets in 1609.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's  
use,

If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"   
Proving his beauty by succession thine !

    This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
    And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it  
    cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another ;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some  
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

    But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
    Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank she lends to those are free.  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
For having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
The unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel ;  
For never-resting Time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite  
gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere :  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
meet,  
Leese but their show ; their substance still  
lives sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee :  
Then what could Death do if thou shouldst  
depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be Death's conquest, and make worms  
thine heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;  
But when from high-most pitch, with weary  
car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way :  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not  
     gladly?

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

    Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
     one,

    Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove  
     none."

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

    No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
 That on himself such murderous shame com-  
     mits.



## x.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind !  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove ;  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## xi.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou  
bestowest,  
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth  
convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;  
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :  
If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
And threescore year would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :  
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty  
cherish ;  
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
 defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
 hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination : then you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
 bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O ! none but unthrifths :—dear my love, you  
 know

You had a father ; let your son say so.

## xiv.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality :  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
'Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## xv.

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge state presenteth nought but  
shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same  
sky ;  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
    To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;  
    And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
    skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life, and shows not half your  
    parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, " This poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly  
    faces."  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than  
    tongue ;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretched metre of an antique song :  
    But were some child of yours alive that time,  
    You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-  
trimm'd ;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his  
shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ; .  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;  
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy  
wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## xx.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls  
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And, by addition, me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's  
pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their  
treasure.

## xxi.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
Making a couplement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich  
gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :

Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;  
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
heart ;  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's  
might.  
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
press'd.  
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictured lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have  
done ;  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for  
me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through the  
sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the  
heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.



## xxvi.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to  
show it ;

But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :  
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then, not show my head where thou  
mayst prove me.

## xxvii.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face  
new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven :

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;  
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the  
even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength  
seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## xxx.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's  
waste :

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

## xxxi.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;  
And there reigns love, and all love's loving  
parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear-religious love stolen from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie !  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth  
live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;  
That due of many now is thine alone :

Their images I loved I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all-the-all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
    cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time ;  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—  
“Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing  
    age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage :  
    But since he died, and poets better prove,  
    Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.”

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
    Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
    Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
    sun staineth.

## xxxiv.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou  
break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love  
sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## xxxv.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast  
done :  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authórizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one :  
So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store :  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,

That I in thy abundance am sufficed,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

## xxxviii.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my  
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## xxxix.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me ?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self  
bring ?

And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth  
deceive,)

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love  
 call ;

All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,

I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;

But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest

By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,

Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief

To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,

Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits

When I am sometime absent from thy heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,

For still temptation follows where thou art.

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,

Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;

And when a woman woos, what woman's son

Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?

Ah me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,

And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,

Who lead thee in their riot even there

Where thou art forced to break a two-fold  
 truth ;

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,

Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.



## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love  
                   her ;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :  
       But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;  
       Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected ;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed ;  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
                   bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !  
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?  
       All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
       And nights, bright days, when dreams do show  
                   thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and  
land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art  
gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow,  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers returned from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assured  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :  
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow  
sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;  
And by their verdict is determinèd  
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part :  
As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of  
heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me ;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's de-  
light.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That, to my use, it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and  
part ;  
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely  
pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of  
laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
“Thus far the miles are measured from thy  
friend !”

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from  
thee :

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
For that same groan doth put this in my  
mind :—

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence ?

Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;  
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special-blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives  
scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you  
made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear ;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant  
heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-  
     closes ;  
 But, for their virtue only is their show,  
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
     And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
     When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish  
     time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find  
     room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 . That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
     So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
     You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
So, love, be thou : although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for  
you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save, where you are how happy you make  
those :  
So true a fool is love, that in your will  
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.



## LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time :  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child !  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done !  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composèd wonder of your frame ;  
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O ! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring  
praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?

O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great ;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake :

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,

From me far off, with others all-too-near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part ;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-  
worn ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd  
his brow  
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them, still  
green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot  
choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless  
sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?  
O fearful meditation ; where, alack !  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disab(e)lèd,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill :  
     Tired with all these, from these would I be  
         gone,  
     Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace itself with his society ?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue ?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively  
     veins ?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
     O, him she stores, to show what wealth she  
         had  
     In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head ;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend :  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd ;  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine  
own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;  
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :  
    If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
    Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
    owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to  
    dwell :  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it : for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;  
But let your love even with my life decay :  
    Lest the wise world should look into your  
    moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit lived in me, that you should love  
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite ;  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove,  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing  
worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west ;  
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love  
more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere  
long :



## LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee :  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his  
     due ;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
 So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.  
     The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
     And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his trea-  
     sure ;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my  
     pleasure :  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by-and-by clean starvèd for a look ;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
     Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
     Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds  
     strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent:  
     For as the sun is daily new and old,  
     So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties  
     wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt  
     find  
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
     These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
     Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

R 2

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to  
sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
Then thank him not for that which he doth  
say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost  
pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your  
fame !

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must  
die :

The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
Where breath most breathes,—even in the  
mouths of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
 And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devised  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized,  
 In true-plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;  
     And their gross painting might be better used  
     Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set ;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might  
     show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth  
     grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a  
     tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you ?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew ?  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what Nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your  
 praises worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.  
 I think good thoughts, while others write good  
 words,

And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refin'd pen.  
 Hearing you praised, I say, "'Tis so, 'tis true,"  
 And to the most of praise add something more ;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
 before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they  
grew ?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable-familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence ;  
But when your countenance filed up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth  
flatter,  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-  
sworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;  
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will  
halt ;

Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange :  
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell ;  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost  
hate.



## xc.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scaped this  
    sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
    And other strains of woe, which now seem  
    woe,  
    Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

## xci.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
    horse ;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
But these particulars are not my measure ;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
    Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
    All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assurèd mine ;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O, what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not :

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles  
strange ;  
But Heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings  
be,  
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
tell.  
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die ;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds ;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the  
shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee !  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## xcvi.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and  
less :

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a thronèd queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## xcvii.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days  
seen !

What old December's bareness everywhere !  
And yet this time removed was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's  
near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
grew :

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play :

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,

If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so  
long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes  
life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

Cf.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"—  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows  
now.

## CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
seeming ;

I love not less, though less the show appear ;  
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days :

Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the  
night,

But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear de-  
light.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
Than when it hath my added praise beside.

O blame me not if I no more can write !

Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well ?

For to no other pass my verses tend,  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;

And more, much more, than in my verse can  
sit,

Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers'  
pride ;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In process of the seasons have I seen ;  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope  
affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.



## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-  
scribes,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit ?  
 What's new to speak, what now to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?  
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers di-  
     vine,

I must each day say o'er the very same ;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page ;  
     Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
     Where time and outward form would show it  
     dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify !  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth  
     lie :

That is my home of love : if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels, I return again ;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, —  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is  
    most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end :  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
    Then give me welcome, next my heaven the  
    best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners  
    breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :  
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
    Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
    Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?  
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your  
tongue ;

None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
In so profound abysm I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense,  
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;  
For it no form delivers to the heart,  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth  
latch ;

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;  
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your fea-  
ture :

Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
 you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is  
 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering  
 things;  
 Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth  
 grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :  
O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus :—that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear purchased  
right ;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your  
sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate,  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :  
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-  
ness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.  
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win !  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been  
fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever !  
O, benefit of ill ! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
greater.  
So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time ;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O that our night of woe might have remember'd  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom  
me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think  
good ?  
No.—I am that I am ; and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own :  
I may be straight, though they themselves be  
bevel ;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
shown ;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.



## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity :  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;  
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
Therefore to give them from me was I  
    bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
    To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
    Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do  
    change :  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;  
And rather make them born to our desire,  
Than think that we before have heard them  
    told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;  
For thy records and what we see do lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste :  
    This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
    I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee ;

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident ;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls ;  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with  
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have lived for  
crime.

## CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?  
No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,  
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy  
control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee  
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !  
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure :

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must  
be,

And her quietus is to render thee.

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## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem  
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says, beauty should look  
so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest  
    reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
    Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
    Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight ;  
Past reason hunted : and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe ;  
Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream :  
    All this the world well knows ; yet none knows  
    well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this  
    hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the  
ground ;  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them  
cruel ;  
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love  
groan :  
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :  
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee  
    grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
    Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
    And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to  
    groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart  
    bail ;  
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
    And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will ;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind !  
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and  
me ;  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus ;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And, in abundance, addeth to his store ;  
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
One will of mine, to make thy large will  
more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
Think all but one, and me in that one  
*Will.*

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
     Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
     And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine  
     eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's  
     common place ?  
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?  
     In things right true my heart and eyes have  
     err'd,  
     And to this false plague are they now trans-  
     ferr'd.



## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told :  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy  
tongue ;  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when  
thy might  
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide ?  
Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies ;  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my  
pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;  
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know ;)  
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud  
heart go wide.

## CXLL

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote ;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-  
lighted ;

Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to  
be :

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost  
 hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied !

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dis-  
 patch

In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay :  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy  
*Will,*

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell :  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in  
doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breathed forth the sound that said, " I  
hate,"  
To me that languish'd for her sake :  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was used in giving gentle doom ;  
And taught it thus anew to greet :  
" I hate," she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away :  
" I hate " from hate away she threw,  
And saved my life, saying—" not you."

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on  
men,  
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I, desperate now, approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest ;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me ! what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures falsely what they see aright ?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so ?  
If it be not, then Love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no :  
How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?  
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view ;  
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O, cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me  
blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should  
find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,  
When I, against myself, with thee partake ?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
Nay if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am  
blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful  
 might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway ?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee  
 more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state ;  
     If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
     More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## CLL.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;  
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
     No want of conscience hold it that I call  
     Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and  
     fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,  
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

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## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help  
lies  
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.



## CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
    keep  
Came tripping by : but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseased ; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
    Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
    Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

**F**ROM off a hill whose concave womb re-  
worded

A plaintful story from a sistering vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice  
accorded,

And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale :  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it  
saw

The carcase of a beauty spent and done :  
Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit : but, spite of heaven's fell  
rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears ;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;  
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
 To th' orb'd earth : sometimes they do extend  
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend  
 To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,  
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;  
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved  
                   hat,  
 Hanging her pale and pin'd cheek beside ;  
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
 And, true to bondage, would not break from  
                   thence,  
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,  
 Which one by one she in a river threw,  
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;  
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall  
 Where want cries "some," but where excess begs  
                   all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
 Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the  
                   flood ;  
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
 Found yet no letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
 Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secresy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often gave to tear ;  
Cried, " O false blood ! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
here ! "

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,—  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ;  
And privileged by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

" Father," she says, " though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

" But woe is me ! too early I attended  
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,

That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :  
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place :  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.

“ His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
 For on his visage was in little drawn,  
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

“ Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to  
                   wear ;  
 Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear ;  
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;  
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they  
                   be.  
 His rudeness so with his authorized youth  
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

“ Well could he ride, and often men would say  
 ‘ That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what  
       stop he makes ! ’

And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

“But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Can for additions ; yet their purposed trim  
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

“So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

“That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted :  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

“Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind  
Like fools that in the imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
them :

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.  
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)  
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
 Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded ;  
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded :  
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
 The destined ill she must herself assay ?  
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?  
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;  
 For when we rage, advice is often seen  
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
 That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !  
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
 Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'  
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;  
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;

Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : ‘ Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;  
For feasts of love I have been 'call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

“ ‘ All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
Love made them not ; with acture they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
They sought their shame that so their shame did  
find ;  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

“ ‘ Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as  
warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was  
harm'd ;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

“ ‘ Look here what tributes wounded fancies  
sent me,  
Of palèd pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent  
me



Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

“ ‘ And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,  
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,  
 I have received from many a several fair,  
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)  
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

“ ‘ The diamond,—why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invised properties did tend ;  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some  
                   moan.

“ ‘ Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,  
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,  
 But yield them up where I myself must render,  
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :  
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

“ ‘ O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of  
                   praise ;  
 Take all these similes to your own command,  
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did  
                   raise ;

What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you ; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.

“ ‘Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

“ ‘But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not  
strives,—

Paling the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“ ‘O, pardon me, in that my boast is true ;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly :  
Religious love put out Religion's eye :  
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

“ ‘How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell !  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among :  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“ ‘ My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,  
 Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place.  
 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

“ ‘ When thou impresses, what are precepts  
 worth  
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
 'gainst shame,  
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“ ‘ Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they  
 pine,  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.’

“ This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my  
 face ;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace :  
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !  
 Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue  
 encloses.

“ O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear !  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?  
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath !

“ For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolved my reason into tears ;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears ;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting ; though our drops this difference  
bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

“ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows ;

“ That not a heart which in his level came  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;  
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would  
maim :  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

“ Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,

That the unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

“ O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid ! ”

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

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## I.

**D**ID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold  
argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore : but, I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth  
shine,

Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath, to win a paradise ?

## II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,—  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's  
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear ;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;

To win his heart, she touch'd him here and  
there,—

Touches so soft still conquer chastity ;—  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and  
toward ;

He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

•  
III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to  
love ?

O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant  
prove ;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like  
osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can com-  
prehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee  
commend ;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without  
wonder ;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts  
admire :

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
dreadful thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet  
fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that  
wrong,  
To sing the heavens' praise with such an  
earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,  
Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.  
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green  
brim ;  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :  
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he  
stood ;  
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a  
flood?"

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !



How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
     jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth,  
 She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.  
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;  
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
 One god is god of both, as poets feign ;  
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love, \*

\*                      \*                      \*

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,

\* The next line has been lost.

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good  
will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those  
grounds ;  
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet  
youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a  
boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !  
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the  
sore :"  
She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than  
one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !  
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp  
sting !  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should  
be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;  
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;  
For why I craved nothing of thee still :  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,—  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## IX.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,  
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :  
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try  
     her,  
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-  
     braced me ;"  
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :  
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god un-  
     laced me ;"  
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
 "Even thus," quoth she, "he seizèd on my lips,"  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her  
     pleasure.  
 Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away !

## X.

Crabbed age and youth  
     Cannot live together ;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
     Age is full of care :  
 Youth like summer morn,  
     Age like winter weather ;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
     Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short ;  
     Youth is nimble, age is lame :  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;  
     Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
    O, my love, my love is young !  
Age, I do defy thee ;  
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
    For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly ;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently :  
    A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
    Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,  
    So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
    In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

"Good night, good rest." Ah ! neither be my  
    share :  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-  
    morrow ;"  
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :

'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither :  
*Wander !* a word for shadows like myself,  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !  
 My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning  
                   rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
     While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and  
                   mark,  
 And wish her lays were tunèd like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished  
                   sight ;

Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with  
                   sorrow ;

For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-  
                   morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !

Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now  
                   borrow ;

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-  
                   morrow.

SONNETS

TO

SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

xiv.

/ It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of  
three,  
That likèd of her master as well as well might  
be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that  
eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning.  
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with  
love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant  
knight ;  
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel.  
But one must be refused, mote mickle was the  
pain,  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both  
to gain,  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
with disdain :  
Alas, she could not help it !  
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of  
the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid  
away ;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady  
gay ;  
For now my song is ended.

## xv.

On a day (alack the day!),  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air :  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air, would I might triumph so !  
 But, alas, my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love."

## xvi.

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss :  
 Love is dying,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's denying,  
 Causer of this.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is placed without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss ;

O, frowning Fortune, cursèd, fickle dame !  
For now I see,  
Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.  
In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,  
All help needing,  
(O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
With sighs so deep,  
Procures to weep,  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound  
Through heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
fight !

Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth ; they die :

Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for love is dead.



Farewell, sweet lass,  
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :  
Poor Coridon  
Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial might :  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;  
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set her person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight ;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
" Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways ;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear :  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true ;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew :  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin, and never for to saint :  
There is no heaven, by holy then,  
When time with age shall them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,  
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;  
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long ;  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

## XIX.

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :

Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone :  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity :  
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,  
"Tereu, Tereu !" by-and-by :  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ;  
None takes pity on thy pain :  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled :  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call :  
And with such-like flattering,  
"Pity but he were a king."

If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice ;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandement ;  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown :  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need ;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

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## SONG.

---

**T**AKE, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

# THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHES-  
TER'S "LOVE'S MARTYR, OR ROSALIN'S COM-  
PLAINT," PRINTED IN 1601.

---

**L**ET the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king :  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :  
 Love and constancy is dead ;  
 Phoenix and the turtle fled  
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain  
 Had the essence but in one ;  
 Two distincts, division none :  
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
 Distance, and no space was seen  
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :  
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
 That the turtle saw his right  
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight :  
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
 That the self was not the same ;  
 Single nature's double name  
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
 Saw division grow together ;  
 To themselves yet either-neither,  
 Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried, " How true a twain  
 Seemeth this concordant one !  
 Love hath reason, reason none,  
 If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be :  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair ;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.





# GLOSSARY.

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- Abate*, to blunt, to shorten, to subdue.  
*Abated*, depressed, subdued.  
*Abominable*, an old mode of spelling abominable.  
*Abide*, to pay the penalty, to be responsible ; to dwell.  
*Abjects*, refuse, rejected things ; servile persons.  
*Abode*, to forebode, to presage.  
*Abodements*, foreboding apprehensions.  
*Abraham Cupid*, a burlesque title, meaning cheat or rogue Cupid.  
*Abridgment*, amusement, pastime, a short play.  
*Abroad*, disbursed, expended.  
*Abrook*, to brook, to endure, to submit to.  
*Absey Book*, A B C book, a primer, a catechism.  
Catechism books usually contained the alphabet.  
*Absolute*, positive, complete, certain ; highly accomplished.  
*Abstract*, that which abstracts, or makes a separation.  
*Abuse*, to deceive ; *abuse*, delusion, deception.  
*Aby*, to be responsible, to abide a penalty, to pay dear for.  
*Abysm*, abyss.  
*Accents, inflections, and elisions.* See *Elisions*.  
*Accite*, to cite, to summon.  
*Accordingly*, conformably, proportionately.  
*Accost*, to approach.  
*Account of*, to value, to appreciate duly.  
*Ache*, sometimes pronounced *aitch*, and represented punningly by the letter H.  
*Acknow*, to acknowledge, to confess ; *acknown*, known.  
*Acquaintance*, amity ; sometimes used for acquaintances.  
*Across*, to *break*, a technical term in tilting.  
*Action*, direction by signs ; charge or accusation.  
*Action-taking*, disposed to foment quarrels, litigious.  
*Acture*, action.  
*Adam, old*, a sergeant or bailiff.  
*Adamant*, loadstone.  
*Addition*, personal attribute, title, designation.  
*Address*, to prepare, to make ready.

- Addressed*, or *addrest*, ready, in position.  
*Admittance*, vogue, fashion, allowed in public sentiment.  
*Advance*, to patronise, to raise to honour.  
*Advertising*, paying attention, making observation.  
*Advice*, consideration, representation, discretion.  
*Advised*, considerate, cool, cautious; assured, persuaded.  
*Advocation*, pleading, advocacy.  
*Affect*, to have affection for, to love.  
*Affect the letter*, to use alliterations.  
*Affection*, affectation, imagination, disposition, quality.  
*Affects*, affections, regards.  
*Affected*, assessed, confirmed.  
*Affined*, bound, joined.  
*Affront*, to confront, to meet another with hostile purpose.  
*After-supper*, a rere-supper, a second supper.  
*Against the hair*, contrary to will; "against the grain."  
*Agazed*, struck with astonishment.  
*Aglet-baby*, the small figure engraved on a jewel.  
*Agnize*, to acknowledge, to confess.  
*A-good*, in good earnest, copiously.  
*A-hold*, hold fast,—a sea-term.  
*Aiery*, the place where a bird of prey builds its nest; used also for the bird itself.  
*Aim*, to guess, to conjecture, to strive after.  
*Aim, give aim*, to encourage.  
*Aitch*, see *Ache* and *H*.  
*Ajax*, used as a pun for a jakes.  
*Albany*, an ancient name for Scotland.  
*Alder-lieft*, all-dearest, most loved of all.  
*Ale*, an alehouse, a rural festival.  
*A'life*, as life, or, of my life.  
*All at once*, a trite phrase, signifying promptly, heartily.  
*Allow*, to approve, to supply proof.  
*Allowance*, approbation, sanction.  
*Allowed*, known, recognised, licensed.  
*All-thing*, in every respect.  
*Alms-drink*, liquor given another to drink, by one who wishes not to drink more himself.  
*Amazing*, confounding, appalling.  
*Ames-ace*, two aces, the lowest throw of the dice.  
*Amiss*, a fault.  
*Amort*, dejected, out of spirits.  
*An, if; an if*, an emphatic form of the conjunction *if*.  
*Anatomy*, a skeleton, used in contempt.  
*Anchor*, an anchoret, a hermit.  
*Ancient*, ensign-bearer.

- Ancient-angel*, supposed to mean a good-natured old gentleman.
- Andrew*, a name for a ship, probably from Andrea Doria, the celebrated Italian naval hero.
- Angel*, a coin stamped with the figure of an angel.
- A-night*, in the night-time.
- Answer*, retaliation.
- Anthropophaginian*, a cannibal, a man-eater.
- Antic*, the fool of the old plays.
- Antiquity*, old age.
- Antres*, caves, hiding-places.
- Appaid*, pleased, satisfied.
- Apparitor*, an officer of the spiritual court.
- Appeal*, accusation.
- Appeared*, presented, made evident.
- Apperil*, risk, responsibility.
- Apple-john*, a kind of apple.
- Apply*, to attend to as a subject of study.
- Apprehension*, opinion, conceit, sarcasm.
- Apprehensive*, apt in understanding a subject.
- Approbation*, probation, proof, trial of qualities.
- Approof*, approbation, proof.
- Approved*, felt, experienced, convicted by proof.
- Approver*, one who proves or tries.
- April-day*, spring-time of life.
- Apt*, ready, disposed to receive counsel.
- Aqua-vitæ*, brandy, eau-de-vie.
- Arch*, chief, head.
- Arbitrate*, to determine.
- Argal*, a word in burlesque of the Latin *ergo*, therefore.
- Argentine*, silvery.
- Argier*, Algiers.
- Araise*, to raise, to upraise.
- Argosy*, a ship of burden, from Argo, the name of the ship in which Jason sailed to seek the golden fleece.
- Argument*, subject of remark, evidence.
- Arm*, to take up in the arms.
- Armigero*, burlesque for the Latin *Armiger*, esquire.
- Aroint*, avaunt, begone.
- A-row*, successively, one after another.
- Arras*, chamber hangings.
- Articulate*, to consent to articles of agreement, to exhibit in articles.
- Artificial strife*, art contending with nature.
- Artist*, a scholar, a learned man.
- As*, often used in the sense of *if*.

- As double*, a phrase signifying as extensive, as powerful.  
*Aspect*, regard, looks, countenance, disposition.  
*Aspersio*, sprinkling; hence blessing, from the sprinkling by holy water with which the priest usually accompanied his benediction.  
*Assay*, to attempt, to try, to make proof of, to test.  
*Assinego*, an ass, a fool.  
*Assubjugate*, to subdue, to subjugate.  
*Assurance*, deed of assurance, conveyance.  
*Assured*, betrothed.  
*Astonished*, thunderstruck.  
*At friend*, on terms of friendship.  
*At once*, some time, suddenly, all together.  
*Ates*, revengeful spirits; from *Até*, goddess of Revenge.  
*Atomy*, an atom, a particle.  
*Atone*, to reconcile parties hitherto at variance.  
*Atonement*, at-one-ment, reconciliation.  
*Attasked*, rebuked, taken to task.  
*Attended*, waited for; *attent*, attention.  
*Attorney*, an agent, a deputation, advocate, pleader.  
*Attorney*, to employ as an agent, to perform by an agent.  
*Attributive*, that which attributes or gives.  
*Audrey*, a corruption of Etheldreda.  
*Authentic*, having authority.  
*Avaunt*, begone.  
*Ave*, the Latin for hail; hence acclamation.  
*Ave-Mary*, Hail, Mary; the angel's salutation to the Virgin Mary.  
*Averring*, confirming.  
*Aweless*, not regarded with awe, without authority.  
*Awful*, reverend, worshipful; *awful men*, men of worth and honourable position.  
*Awkward*, contrary.  
  
*Ban*, to curse.  
*Ban-dog*, a village mastiff; perhaps a dog chained, or banded.  
*Banbury cheese*, a thin cheese.  
*Band*, bond, guarantee.  
*Bank*, to sail along the banks.  
*Banquet*, a slight refection, a dessert.  
*Barbed*, caparisoned in a warlike manner.  
*Bare the beard*, to shave the beard.  
*Barful*, full of impediments.  
*Barm*, yeast.  
*Barns*, bairns, children.

*Barnacle*, a shell-fish ; from which the barnacle-geese, a sea-bird, was vulgarly supposed to be derived.

*Base*, dishonoured.

*Base*, or *Prisoner's base*, a rustic game.

*Bases*, a mantle, usually embroidered, worn by knights on horseback, and reaching from the waist to below the knee ; also hose, and the housings of the horse.

*Basilisk*, a huge piece of ordnance.

*Basimecu*, a contemptuous epithet, meaning base or counterfeit crown, applied by Jack Cade to the French Dauphin.

*Basta* (from the Spanish), enough.

*Bastard*, a sweet wine, made from raisins.

*Bat*, a staff or club.

*Bat-fowling*, catching birds with a clap-net by night.

*Bate*, strife, contention.

*Bate*, to flutter as a hawk ; to abate, to blunt, to except.

*Batlet*, a small bat for beating clothes with.

*Batten*, to feed grossly, to fatten.

*Battle*, an army, forces in position.

*Bavin*, a faggot of brushwood, used in contempt of anything worthless.

*Bawcock*, beau coq, a fine fellow.

*Bay*, the space between the main timbers of the roof.

*Bay-window*, bow-window.

*Be naught awhile*, a mischief on you !

*Beadsman*, one who offers prayers (by beads) for another.

*Beak*, the prow of a ship.

*Bear a brain*, to remember well.

*Bear hard*, to rein in from mistrust or fear.

*Bear in hand*, to encourage or buoy up with delusive promises.

*Beard*, to defy, to oppose in a hostile manner.

*Bearing-cloth*, a mantle, in which children were carried to the font.

*Beat*, to flutter as a falcon ; to meditate, to consider earnestly.

*Beating*, hammering, dwelling upon.

*Beaver*, the lower part of a helmet, sometimes used for the entire helmet.

*Because*, in order that.

*Beck*, a bow.

*Becoming*, self-restrained.

*Be-dashed*, dashed or sprinkled.

*Bed-fellow*, an intimate companion, a friend.

*Beetle*, a mallet ; *beetle*, to overhang.

- Beg a fool*, to petition for wardship of an idiot or lunatic.  
*Begetter*, one who gets or procures.  
*Beguiled*, masked, disguised.  
*Being*, dwelling, abiding ; *being*, since, inasmuch as.  
*Belike*, to favour, to approve.  
*Be-mete*, to beat with a yard measure.  
*Be-moiled*, daubed with dirt.  
*Bench-hole*, forica.  
*Bending*, unequal to the weight.  
*Benefit*, a beneficiary.  
*Benvenuto*, welcome.  
*Bequeath*, to give, to place in another's care.  
*Bergomask*, a rustic dance.  
*Bermoothes*, the Bermudas.  
*Beshrew*, evil befall.  
*Besmirch*, to befoul, to blacken.  
*Best*, best one, bravest, an epithet of endearment.  
*Bestraught*, distraught, distracted.  
*Beteem*, to give, to pour out, to allow.  
*Betid*, happened.  
*Better part*, the spiritual part.  
*Better penny*, a proverbial phrase.  
*Bevel*, crooked.  
*Bewray*, to disclose, discover, make known.  
*Bezonian*, beggarly fellow.  
*Bias*, a swelling out.  
*Bid*, to invite, to pray ; *bid forth*, invited out.  
*Bid the base*, to challenge in the rustic game of "base."  
*Biggin*, a coif, a night-cap.  
*Bilberry*, the whortleberry.  
*Bilbo*, a sword ; from Bilboa, in Spain, where that kind of sword was made.  
*Bilboes*, fetters, or stocks, used in the navy.  
*Bill*, a bill-hook or weapon ; a label or advertisement, articles of accusation, a promissory note.  
*Bin*, for *been*, are.  
*Bird-bolt*, a bolt for shooting from a cross-bow at birds.  
*Birding*, hawking at partridges.  
*Bisson*, blind.  
*Biting the thumb*, a contemptuous action.  
*Blank*, the white mark in the centre of a target ; hence metaphorically the object aimed at.  
*Blar*, to deceive.  
*Blench*, to start aside, to flinch.  
*Blind-worm*, the slow worm.  
*Blistered*, puffed out like blisters.

- Blood*, ancestry, natural disposition, high spirits.  
*Blood-boltered*, besmeared with blood.  
*Blood, in*, in good condition, a hunting term.  
*Blow*, to inflate, to swell.  
*Blue-caps*, the Scotch.  
*Board*, to accost, address.  
*Bob*, a blow, a sarcasm ; *bob*, to strike, to ridicule.  
*Bodge*, to botch, to bungle.  
*Bodikin*, a corrupt word used as an oath, as Od's Bodikin,  
     God's little body.  
*Bodkin*, a stiletto, small sword or dagger.  
*Boitier vert*, green box.  
*Bollen*, swollen.  
*Bolted*, sifted, refined ; *bolter*, a sieve.  
*Boltered*, clotted, besmeared.  
*Bolting-hutch*, the bin into which flour is sifted.  
*Bombard*, or *Bumbard*, a barrel, a large vessel, some-  
     times of leather, for holding drink ; a drunkard.  
*Bombast*, a kind of padding for filling out dresses.  
*Bond*, that to which a person is bound.  
*Bonny*, handsome, good-looking.  
*Book*, a paper of conditions.  
*Boot*, help, use ; odds, advantage.  
*Bootless*, without boot, without advantage.  
*Boots*, bots, worms in horses' stomachs.  
*Bordered*, restrained.  
*Bore*, calibre of a gun ; hence size, importance.  
*Bore*, to wound, to thrust through, to undermine.  
*Borrowed*, assumed.  
*Bosky*, or *busky*, covered with wood.  
*Bosom*, wish, heart's desire.  
*Bots*, worms found in horses' stomachs.  
*Bottled*, swollen, bloated, as "bottled spider."  
*Bottom*, to wind round, or upon.  
*Bought and sold*, entrapped, victimised.  
*Bourn*, a boundary.  
*Bow*, to give way, to succumb ; *bowed*, bent.  
*Brace*, armour for the arm, state of defence.  
*Brach*, a she-hound.  
*Braid*, false, deceitful.  
*Brake*, a thicket, furze-bush.  
*Brave*, handsome, well-dressed ; *brave*, a boast.  
*Bravery*, finery, boastfulness, audacious meddling.  
*Brawl*, a kind of dance.  
*Breach* (of the sea), breaking of the sea.  
*Break a day*, to commit a breach of contract.



*Break up*, to carve.

*Break with*, to speak to another on some business.

*Breast*, voice, surface.

*Breathe*, to exercise; to cease fighting for a time, in order to take breath.

*Breathed*, refreshed, prepared for important work.

*Breeched*, sheathed, mired.

*Breeching*, liable to be whipped at school.

*Breed-bate*, a breeder of debate, a fomenter of quarrels.

*Bribe-buck*, a buck given away in presents.

*Bridal*, nuptial festivities.

*Brief*, a short account, letter, or enumeration.

*Bring*, to attend one on a journey.

*Brise*, the gad-fly or ox-fly.

*Broached*, spitted, transfixed.

*Brock*, a badger, a term of contempt.

*Brogues*, rough shoes, strengthened with clout nails.

*Broken*, toothless by reason of old age.

*Broken music*, the music of stringed instruments.

*Broker*, an agent, a pander, a procurer.

*Brooded*, adorned, decorated.

*Brotherhood*, trading company.

*Brown bastard*, a sweet wine.

*Brown bill*, a battle-axe.

*Brownist*, follower of Brown, an Independent.

*Bruit*, noise, report, rumour; *bruit*, to noise abroad.

*Brush*, rude assault.

*Buck*, suds or lye for washing clothes in.

*Buck-basket*, basket for conveying clothes to the washing.

*Buckle*, to bend.

*Buff*, the dress of a sergeant.

*Bug*, a bugbear, an object of fear, a spectre.

*Bulk*, the chest, the body.

*Bully-rook*, a bragging character, a jolly dog.

*Bung*, a cutpurse.

*Burden*, the base, foot, or under-song.

*Burr*, the prickly head of the burdock plant.

*Burst*, to break.

*Bury*, to conceal, to keep secret.

*Bush*, the sign of a public-house, or tavern.

*Busky*, or *bosky*, bushy.

*But*, to boot; only, unless, except.

*Butt-shaft*, a light arrow for shooting at a butt.

*Buxom*, lusty, buoyant, spirited.

*Buz, buz!* an interjection of impatience.

*Buzzard*, a beetle.

*By*, beside, near to ; according to, by means of.

*By-and-by*, immediately.

*By day and night*, at all times.

*By-rlakin*, an oath, by our ladykin, or little lady.

*By these ten bones*, (fingers,) a common adjuration.

*Caddis*, worsted galloon.

*Cade*, a cask or barrel, as of herrings (500) or sprats (1000).

*Cain coloured*, yellowish red, applied to hair.

*Caitiff*, a captive, a slave ; a witch.

*Cake is dough, your* ; your hopes have not been realised.

*Calculate*, to prophesy.

*Caliver*, a hand-gun.

*Call*, "I'll call to you," meaning "I'll call on you."

*Callat*, or *callet*, a strumpet.

*Calm*, the word qualm mispronounced.

*Can*, to know, to be skilful in.

*Canary*, a wine from the Canary islands ; a dance.

*Candle-wasters*, persons who sit up all night to drink.

*Canker*, the caterpillar ; the dog-rose.

*Canstick*, a candlestick.

*Cantle*, a slice, a corner, a portion of anything.

*Cap*, the top, the principal ; *to cap*, to uncover.

*Capable*, impressionable ; capacious.

*Capitulate*, to confederate, to make head.

*Cappochio*, a simpleton, a shallow-pate.

*Capricious*, goatish, lascivious.

*Captain jewels*, jewels of worth.

*Captious*, of large capacity.

*Carack*, see *Carrack*.

*Carbonado*, a collop cooked on the coals.

*Carcanet*, a necklace or chain.

*Card, by the*, exactly, according to rule.

*Careire*, or *Career*, a term of the *menage*.

*Carlott*, a churl, a peasant.

*Carpet*, an embroidered covering for the table,

*Carpet consideration*, favour rather than merit—as the

"Carpet knights" received their honours.

*Carrack*, a ship of considerable burden.

*Carry coals*, to submit to menial offices ; of slavish spirit.

*Case*, a skin ; a brace, a pair.

*Cassock*, a horseman's great coat.

*Castilian*, a native of Castile ; used in contempt.

*Castle*, a helmet.

*Cataian*, a sharper, a reproachful term.

*Cataplastm*, a poultice, a soft plaster.

*Cates*, confections, dainties.

*Catling*, catgut, lute-strings.

*Cautel*, cunning, deceit ; *cautelous*, treacherous.

*Caviarie*, a delicacy, prepared from the roe of the sturgeon : the word applied to anything beyond the reach of common people.

*Censorinus*. The line, placed within brackets, in which this name occurs (*Coriolanus*, ii. 3 ; vol. x. p. 185), has been introduced to complete the sense of the passage. The name is given in Plutarch's *Lives*, whence Shakspeare appears to have drawn his information on the subject.

*Censure*, judgment, opinion ; *censure well*, to approve.

*Century*, a hundred, whether of years, of soldiers, or of objects in general.

*Ceremonious*, superstitious.

*Chamber*, a kind of ordnance, of small size.

*Chamber, King's*, a name formerly given to London.

*Change*, to exchange, to interchange, to vary.

*Channel*, a kennel for refuse water, an open sewer.

*Charact*, affected quality.

*Character*, handwriting, ciphers, a letter.

*Charge-house*, a free-school.

*Charles's Wain*, the constellation Ursa Major, the Great Bear, called also the Plough.

*Charm*, to conjure by superstitious observances.

*Charm the tongue*, to put a spell upon the tongue.

*Charming*, putting forth magical influence.

*Charneco*, a kind of sweet wine.

*Chaudron*, entrails.

*Cheater*, escheator, an officer in the Exchequer ; an unfair gamester.

*Check*, to fly from, or shy at ; a term in falconry.

*Cherry-pit*, a game in which cherry-stones are used.

*Cheveril*, a kid ; the name applied to kid leather.

*Chewet*, a noisy, chattering bird.

*Chide*, to resound, to echo, to be clamorous.

*Children*. In some instances, to treat this word as a trisyllable, child(e)ren, will give a more fluent reading.

*Childing*, pregnant, teeming.

*Chill*, familiar expression for "I will."

*Chirurgeonly*, skilfully as a surgeon.

*Chopine*, a high shoe or clog.

*Christendom*, the condition of being a Christian.

*Christom*, a white garment formerly put on children after they were baptized.

- Chuff*, a coarse, heavy, surly peasant.  
*Cicatrice*, a mark or scar of a wound.  
*Circle*, a diadem, a crown.  
*Circumstance*, a tedious argument.  
*Circumstanced*, controlled by external circumstances.  
*Cite*, to summon, to demand the attendance of any one.  
*Civil*, serious; relating to human society and interests.  
*Civil*, frequently used as a pun on Seville, where bitter oranges are chiefly obtained.  
*Clack-dish*, a beggar's dish.  
*Clamour your tongues*, keep silence.  
*Clap i' the clout*, to hit the bull's eye in the target.  
*Clean kam*, balderdash.  
*Clear*, innocent, fully, perfectly.  
*Clearstory*, or *clerestory*, upper row of windows.  
*Cleave the pin*, to split the centre pin of the target.  
*Cliff*, or *Clef*, a key in musical composition.  
*Cling*, to wither, to shrink away.  
*Clinquant*, clinking, jingling.  
*Close*, in a concealed manner, stealthily.  
*Closeness*, retirement, devoted to study.  
*Clouted brogues*, shoes fastened together with clout nails.  
*Clown*, merryman, a jester, often retained in the families of the nobility and gentry.  
*Clubs!* a popular cry in street quarrels in London.  
*Coast*, to advance; *coasting*, inviting, conciliatory.  
*Cock*, a cock-boat, a small boat belonging to a ship.  
*Cock and pye*, a form of oath in conversation.  
*Cockney*, a spooney, a cook.  
*Cockshut-time*, probably the evening twilight or gloaming.  
*Codling*, an early kind of apple, used for boiling.  
*Coffin*, the crust of pastry; a chest or coffer.  
*Cognizance*, a distinctive badge.  
*Coigne*, a projecting corner of masonry.  
*Colbrand the giant*, a famous Danish hero.  
*Colchos*, the capital of Colchis, on the Euxine, whence Jason took the golden fleece, and afterwards married Medea, who had instructed him how to obtain it.  
*Collied*, darkened, blackened.  
*Coloquintida*, a plant yielding a fruit called bitter apple.  
*Colours*, pretences, deceitful appearances.  
*Co-mart*, to traffic in fellowship.  
*Comfortable*, able to give comfort; *comforting*, aiding.  
*Commandment*. It is occasionally necessary, for the sake of the measure, to read this word as a quadrisyllable, command(e)ment. It is so spelt in one

passage, vol. xiii., p. 310. Similar instances occur in other writers of the period, and also in the Scotch metrical version of the Psalms.

*Commings*, encounters in fencing, hits.

*Commission*, delegation, rule, authority.

*Commodity*, commercial credit, profit, money-making.

*Common liar*, rumour, general report.

*Commune*, to partake in common, to share.

*Compact*, made up, constituted.

*Comparative*, apt in making comparisons.

*Compassed*, round, arched.

*Compassed window*, bow-window.

*Compassionate*, complaining, invoking compassion.

*Competitor*, equal in authority, confederate.

*Complement*, filling up, that which makes complete.

*Complements*, the most approved accomplishments.

*Comply*, to be compliant, courtly in manners.

*Compose*, to arrive at terms of agreement.

*Composure*, *composture*, *compostion*, composition.

*Compromised*, under mutual promise or covenant.

*Compt*, *in*, in charge of trustees; *comptible*, apt, sensitive.

*Concent*, harmonious agreement, as in musical concord.

*Conclusions*, practical experiments.

*Condition*, nature, occupation, rank.

*Conduce*, to lead to.

*Conduct*, leader, conductor.

*Coney-catched*, cheated, deceived.

*Coney-catcher*, a poacher, a cheat.

*Confect*, to mix the ingredients for making sweetmeats.

*Confound*, to destroy, waste.

*Confounded*, consumed, destroyed.

*Conjurations*, urgent petitions, entreaties.

*Consigned*, sealed, bound.

*Consist*, to stand on, to make a condition.

*Consort*, to associate with as a friend.

*Conspectuity*, mental vision, power of clear perception.

*Constancy*, adherence to principle.

*Constant*, stedfast, firm, unyielding to temptation.

*Constern*, to construe, to rightly understand.

*Contain*, to hold, to retain.

*Contemptible*, contemptuous, sarcastic.

*Content*, acquiescent; continent, temperate.

*Continence*, self-command, temperance.

*Contraction*, the contract of marriage.

*Contrarious*, different; *contrary*, to offer opposition.

*Contrive*, to engage in schemes and plots.

- Convent*, to unite in a plan ; to call together ; convenient.  
*Convertite*, one who changes his views, a convert.  
*Conveyance*, jugglery, act of theft, fraudulent conduct.  
*Convicted*, conquered ; *convince*, to prevail over.  
*Convive*, to make merry together.  
*Copatain-hat*, a hat with a high crown.  
*Corinth*, cant name for a house of bad fame.  
*Corky*, withered, dry, like cork.  
*Corners*, obscure spots, by-places.  
*Corollary*, an overplus.  
*Corporal*, bodily ; *corporal of the field*, an aide-de-camp.  
*Corrival*, competitor, rival.  
*Costard*, the head.  
*Costermonger's times*, peddling, trafficking times.  
*Cot-quean*, a man of effeminate character.  
*Cote*, a cottage : *cote*, to quote, to instance ; to overtake.  
*Cotsale*, Cotswold hills, in Gloucestershire.  
*Count Confect*, a man of rank very affected in manners.  
*Counter*, to run, to track the scent backwards.  
*Counter-caster*, a contemptuous name for a shopkeeper.  
*Counterfeit*, a portrait, an image ; base coin.  
*Countervail*, to balance, to furnish a counterpoise.  
*County*, a peer, an earl.  
*Court*. [You're for the court.] These words, occurring in *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1. ; vol. v., p. 106, were inserted by Hanmer to complete the sense.  
*Court holy-water*, flattery, sycophancy.  
*Courtship*, acts and expressions of courtesy.  
*Cousin*, used in addressing kinsmen of different degrees.  
*Covent*, a convent.  
*Cowish*, cowardly, unmanly.  
*Coystril*, a coward kind of hawk ; a mean, drunken man.  
*Cozen*, to outwit, to cheat ; *cozenage*, cheating.  
*Cosier*, a bungling tailor or shoemaker.  
*Crack*, a forward youth ; a loud noise ; a thunder-clap.  
*Crack of doom*, the final judgment.  
*Crack-hemp*, a ne'er-do-well, on the road to the gallows.  
*Cranks*, winding passages ; *cranking*, winding.  
*Crants*, crowns, garlands.  
*Crare*, a trading vessel of moderate burden, a hoy.  
*Credent*, creditable ; credible ; credulous.  
*Crestless*, of mean position ; not of rank to bear arms.  
*Crewel*, worsted.  
*Critic*, a cynic : *critical*, ready to censure ; cynical.  
*Cross*, a coin stamped with a cross.  
*Crow-keeper*, one who keeps off the crows ; a scarecrow.

*Crowner*, a coroner.

*Crowner's quest law*, rather doubtful law.

*Cruzado*, a Portuguese gold coin, stamped with a cross.

*Cry*, a pack of hounds; a company, as of players.

*Cry aim*, to give encouragement.

*Cry havoc!* a war-cry, a signal for slaughter.

*Cry in the top of question*, to exult, to boast.

*Cuisses*, pieces of armour to protect the thighs.

*Cunning*, able, skilful, sagacious.

*Curious*, nice, scrupulous, punctilious.

*Curious-knotted*, having many complicated figures.

*Curiosity*, delicacy, scrupulous attention to externals.

*Curled*, applied to ostentatiously genteel people.

*Currents*, current events, occurrences.

*Curst*, ill-tempered, shrewish, harsh.

*Curtail*, a dog of small value.

*Curtle-axe*, a cutlass.

*Custalorum*, a misnaming of "Custos Rotulorum."

*Cut and long tail*, good and bad.

*Cypress*, or *Cyprus*, a kind of crape, used in mourning.

*Daff*, or *doff*, to do off, to lay aside; to befool.

*Damn*, to condemn.

*Danger*, to be in another's control, power, danger.

*Danskens*, natives of Denmark.

*Darraign*, to put in order for action, to set in array.

*Daub*, to disguise; *daubery*, chicanery, deceit.

*Dauphin*, eldest son of the sovereign of France, sometimes referred to as dolphin.

*Day-woman*, a woman employed in a dairy.

*Dazzled*, sometimes to be read as if spelt dazzeled.

*Dealt in lieutenantry*, got substitutes to fight for him.

*Dear*, affectionate, important, dire, extreme.

*Dearn*, lonely, solitary.

*Death's man*, the public executioner.

*Death-tokens*, plague-spots forewarning death.

*Debitor-and-Creditor*, the title of some old works on Book-keeping.

*Deck*, to bedew, to sprinkle.

*Deck*, a pack of cards.

*Defeatures*, ill-looks, changes of feature for the worse.

*Defend*, to forbid, as "God defend."

*Defunctive*, relating to death.

*Defy*, to disdain, to spurn, to renounce.

*Delations*, secret accusations.

*Demerit*, desert, whether good or bad.

- Denier*, a French coin, the 12th part of a sol or sou.  
*Denotement*, taking notice, making discovery.  
*Depart*, to separate from, to part.  
*Deracinate*, to uproot, to destroy.  
*Derne*, determined, earnest, eager.  
*Descant*, variation on a melody; a discourse.  
*Design*, to designate, to indicate.  
*Despatch*, a message, a state paper.  
*Detect*, to charge, to exhibit.  
*Determined*, brought to a close, ended.  
*Dich*, "much good dich thy good heart," much good may it do, &c.  
*Diet*, regimen under medical direction.  
*Diffused*, irregular, in confusion.  
*Dig-you-good-den*, for "God give you good evening."  
*Dint*, mark of a stroke, an impression.  
*Disable*, to disparage, to underestimate.  
*Disappointed*, without the necessary appointment, unprepared.  
*Discander*, to scatter, to separate on all sides.  
*Discandy*, to melt, dissolve, revert to previous state.  
*Disce*, to take off the garments.  
*Disme*, dime, a tenth part.  
*Dispark*, to take away the enclosures of a park.  
*Dispatch*, expeditious action.  
*Dispatch*, to send a messenger, to send off troops quickly.  
*Disponge*, to press out as from a sponge.  
*Dispose*, to come to terms with, to settle.  
*Dissembly*, used blunderingly for assembly.  
*Distempered*, dissatisfied, disaffected.  
*Distraction*, a detachment of an army.  
*Distraught*, bewildered, distracted.  
*Division*, a distinct part of a musical composition.  
*Do me right*, respond to my challenge or demand.  
*Doff*, do off, to uncover; to evade.  
*Doit*, a small Dutch coin of insignificant value.  
*Dole*, distribution, serving to each his portion; used also for dolour, grief, trouble.  
*Dolour*, grief, with which *dollar* is frequently interchanged by way of pun.  
*Don*, to do on, or put on.  
*Doom*, judgment, judicial decision.  
*Double-cracks*, double thunder-claps.  
*Double-pictures*, pictures having faces on both sides.  
*Double set*, twice twelve hours, all round. See *Horologe*.  
*Dout*, to do out, to extinguish.



*Dower*, endowment, gift, ability to confer.

*Dowle*, a feather.

*Down-gyved*, hanging down like that which holds fetters on the ancles.

*Draw dry foot*, to track by the scent of the foot.

*Drawer*, a waiter at a tavern.

*Drawn*, in position with sword drawn ; drunk.

*Dribbling*, feeble ; a contemptuous term.

*Drugs*, persons employed in drudgery.

*Dudgeon*, the wooden handle of a weapon.

*Dull*, soft, soothing ; *dullard*, a stupid person.

*Dump*, a sorrowful tune.

*Dun is in the mire*, a Christmas gambol. "Dun" is the cart-horse, represented by a log of wood.

*Dupp*, do up, to lift up, to open.

*Durance*, robe of, imprisonment ; from the strong buff leather garment worn by bailiffs.

*Eager*, from the French *aigre*, sour, biting.

*Eanling*, a yeanning, a lamb just dropped.

*Ear*, to plough.

*Eche*, to fill up, to eke out.

*Eft*, quick, apt, convenient.

*Egal*, equal.

*Eld*, the time of old age ; antiquity.

*Elisions*. The purpose for which elisions, accents, and inflections are employed throughout this edition is that of assisting the reader, so that his enjoyment in reading may be as little interfered with as possible, especially in the more complex passages. In verbs ending in *e*, the past participle, formed by adding *d*, is spelt in full, and when unaccented does not increase the number of syllables, as in *graced*, *placed*, *loved*, *promised*, *received*, &c. ; when an additional syllable is in such cases required, this is indicated by an accent, as *gracèd*, *lovèd*, *promisèd*, &c. Past participles which are formed by adding *ed*, are, when unmarked, regarded as adding a syllable ; when elision is possible and the additional syllable is not required, the *e* is elided, as in *astonish'd*, *learn'd*, *mark'd*, *o'erlook'd*, *sway'd*, &c. Words of two or more syllables which require the emphasis to be placed on a syllable different from that on which it occurs in the ordinary pronunciation, are marked accordingly. The acute accent is employed, where necessary, to mark the rising inflection ; the grave

accent to indicate the falling inflection. It is occasionally necessary to introduce a syllable in addition to those indicated by the usual spelling of a word; see *commandment*, *dazzled*, *embezzled*, *empress*, *Henry*, *means*, *ordnance*, &c. After all helps, the reader's own taste and judgment, matured by frequent and careful practice in reading, must be his chief guide.

*Emballing*, bestowing the ball as a mark of royalty.

*Embarquements*, obstructions, stoppages.

*Embezzled*, sometimes to be read as if spelt embezzeled.

*Embossed*, outrun, exhausted, a hunting term.

*Embrasure*, embracement.

*Eminence*, high rank, honourable position.

*Emmew*, a term in falconry, meaning to overawe, to paralyse, to render incapable of action, through fear.

*Empiricutick*, empirical.

*Empress*. By treating this as a word of three syllables, emp(e)ress, some lines in *Titus Andronicus* will read more smoothly.

*Emulation*, envy, jealousy, mutiny; *emulous*, envious.

*Enfeoff*, to give possession of property in fee simple.

*Engaged*, challenged; attached and retained as hostage.

*Engross*, to fatten, to pamper, to make gross.

*Enkindle*, to stimulate ambition.

*Ensconce*, to take a position of shelter.

*Enseamed*, gross, rank.

*Ensear*, become sterile, unproductive.

*Enshield*, sheltered, hidden from observation.

*Entertain*, engage soldiers to be ready for active service.

*Entertainment*, re-admission to office; soldiers' pay; readiness to receive overtures.

*Ephesian*, a drunken dissolute fellow, a cant phrase.

*Erring*, errant, erratic.

*Escoted*, the reckoning paid.

*Esperancé*, hope, Hotspur's war-cry.

*Espials*, spies, scouts.

*Esteem*, the fulness of estimable character.

*Even*, equal in position; *even Christian*, fellow-Christian.

*Evident*, that which cannot be escaped or avoided.

*Evil*, *the*, the King's evil, scrofula.

*Examined*, called in question, held in doubt.

*Excrement*, the beard, hair, nails, &c.

*Executer*, one who executes the orders of his superior.

*Execution*, carrying out commands, using exercise.

*Exequies*, funeral rites, customary mourning.

- Exercise*, religious meditation or devotion.  
*Exhale*, to draw out, to unsheathe the sword.  
*Exhibition*, maintenance, allowance.  
*Expect*, to wait for, to give attention, to anticipate.  
*Expedience*, expedition suddenly undertaken.  
*Expedient*, expeditious; *expediently*, with speed.  
*Expiate*, fully accomplished, completed, expired.  
*Express*, to make known, to discover.  
*Exsufflicate*, probably means puffed out, extravagant.  
*Extended*, made an extent upon, seized.  
*Extirp*, to extirpate, to destroy.  
*Extracting*, diverting and distracting the attention.  
*Extravagant*, disposed to go astray, wandering.  
*Extremes*, wildness in action, extremities.  
*Eyas*, a young hawk, just taken from the nest.  
*Eyas-musket*, the unfledged musket-bird, a small hawk.  
*Eyne*, old form of the plural of *eye*.  
  
*Face*, to be audacious, to outbrave an opponent.  
*Facinerosus*, obstinately perverse, wicked.  
*Faction*, party, organisation; *factionous*, impatient.  
*Faculties*, natural powers, unusual gifts, medicinal virtues.  
*Fadge*, to be correspondent with, to suit.  
*Fading*, the burden of a song.  
*Fair*, beauty, complexion; a beautiful woman.  
*Faitors*, traitors, deceivers.  
*Falcon*, a small hawk trained for sport.  
*Fall*, to allow to fall, to drop.  
*False*, untruth; *falsely*, dishonestly; *falsing*, deceptive.  
*Fancy*, love, affection.  
*Fancy-free*, untouched by love's power.  
*Fang*, to grip with the teeth; *fanged*, possessing fangs.  
*Fantastical*, creatures of the fancy.  
*Fantasticoes*, persons who show affectation.  
*Fardel*, a small pack, a bundle, a burden.  
*Fartuous*, vulgar mispronunciation for virtuous.  
*Fashions*, a disease in horses, called farcens or farcy.  
*Fast*, unalterably determined.  
*Fast-and-loose*, a cheating game.  
*Favour*, countenance, characteristics; grace, goodwill.  
*Fear*, that which is feared; *fear*, to affright, to daunt.  
*Fearful*, constitutionally afraid, timorous; awful.  
*Featly*, cleverly, neatly.  
*Federary*, taking part in an enterprise; confederate.  
*Feeder*, one fed and sustained by his employer, a servant.  
*Fee-grief*, a personal cause of sorrow.

*Fee'r*, fee-er, one who holds his possessions under obligation to perform certain services to his superior, on penalty of forfeiture if the obligation is not fulfilled, the enjoyment of his privileges being dependent on the performance of his duties. See *King Henry the Fourth*, Part I., act i. sc. 3; vol. vi., p. 120:—

Shall we buy treason? and indent with fee'rs,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

*Fehemently*, a Welshman's pronunciation of vehemently.  
*Fell*, the skin or hide of an animal.

*Fellow*, a companion; a contemptuous epithet.

*Fence*, skilful in the art of sword-play.

*Feodary*, a vassal who holds property in fee or feu, see

*Fee'r*; one who acts under the orders of a superior.

*Fere*, or *phere*, an associate, a comrade, husband, or wife.

*Festinatelly*, without loss of time.

*Fet*, fetched.

*Fico*, *figo*, a fig; a contemptuous expression.

*Fielded*, in the field, ready for battle.

*Fifteen*, a tax of a fifteenth on personal property.

*Fights*, clothes hung round a ship in a battle at sea, to conceal the men from the opposite force.

*Fill-horse*, the shaft-horse.

*Fills*, thills, shafts of a cart.

*Fine*, the conclusion, the end; *fineless*, unlimited.

*Fire-drake*, ignis-fatuus, or Will o' the Wisp; also, an artificial firework.

*Fire-new*, just coined, glittering.

*Firk*, to chastise.

*Fit*, a division or canto of a song; a habit.

*Fitchew*, a polecat.

*Fives*, a disease in horses, called the vives.

*Flamen*, a priest.

*Flag-dragon*, raisins in burning brandy, taken by toppers.

*Flap-jacks*, pancakes.

*Flaw*, sudden, violent gust of wind; sudden emotion, or that which occasions it.

*Fleet*, to float; to beguile the time; to pass away.

*Fleshed*, eager for more fighting, after the first encounter.

*Fleshment*, the first opportunity of encounter in battle.

*Flewed*, the lips hanging down, like those of hounds.

*Flight*, a particular mode of archery.

*Flote*, wave, sea.

*Flush*, ripe, fresh, vigorous.

*Flying at the brook*, hawking at water-fowl.

- Foil, put to the*, shown to disadvantage.  
*Foin*, to fence, to thrust or push with a weapon.  
*Foison*, plenty, Autumn.  
*Foot-cloth*, sumpter cloth, falling down to the horse's feet.  
*For*, used in the sense of—*for that, because; for fear of;*  
     and *'fore*, or *before*.  
*For all waters*, ready to play any character.  
*For why*, in the sense of *because, for this reason*.  
*Forage*, to move away from home, take a wider range.  
*Forbid*, bewitched, forespoken.  
*Force*, to fear, to hesitate; to enforce.  
*Fordo*, to ruin, to destroy.  
*Foreign*, employed in foreign countries.  
*Forfend*, to forbid, to prevent.  
*Foreslow*, to be slow and dilatory, to loiter.  
*Forestall*, to anticipate, to be beforehand.  
*Forgery*, something made, as on a forge.  
*Forgeive*, apt to forge, inventive, imaginative.  
*Formal*, regular, authentic, in proper form.  
*Forspeak*, to forbid, to speak to the prejudice of.  
*Forth*, out, invited forth, meaning invited out.  
*Forthright*, a straight regular path.  
*Fosset*, a vent pipe in liquor vessels.  
*Fox*, a slang term for a sword.  
*Franked*, steyed up, confined, as swine for fatting.  
*Frayed*, disturbed, frightened.  
*Fret*, the stop of a musical instrument.  
*Frippery*, an establishment for second-hand clothes.  
*From*, away from, opposed, contrary to.  
*From the teeth*, pretended, no deeper than the teeth.  
*Frush*, to crush, to break in pieces.  
*Full of bread*, in fulness of manly power and prosperity.  
*Fullam*, loaded dice.  
*Fust*, to become mouldy and useless.  
  
*Gaberdine*, a loose outer coat.  
*Gad*, a pointed instrument; *upon the gad*, with haste.  
*Gait*, progress, going; personal carriage.  
*Gauliard*, an ancient dance.  
*Gallimaufry*, a medley.  
*Gallowglasses*, Highland foot-soldiers.  
*Gamester*, a frolicsome person; a wanton.  
*Gaping*, shouting, roaring.  
*Gargantua*, a fabulous giant.  
*Gast*, struck with fear.  
*Gear*, business, work in hand.

*Geck*, a fool, an ignorant clown.  
*Generous*, noble, of high descent.  
*Gentle*, noble, high-minded.  
*Gentle one*, an endearing epithet.  
*Gentry*, courtesy, conduct becoming gentlefolk.  
*Germens*, *germins*, seeds possessing the elements of life.  
*Gests*, deeds, achievements ; *gest*, a programme or list.  
*Gild*, to furnish with money.  
*Gimmel-bit*, a bit in two parts.  
*Gimmer*, an ingenious contrivance in machinery.  
*Gird*, a reproof, sarcasm, gibe.  
*Girt*, old form of gird, to encircle with a belt or girdle.  
*Give the dare*, challenge to combat.  
*Gleek*, to scoff, to insult, to beguile.  
*Glose*, to comment, to talk over, to wheedle.  
*Gobbet*, a mouthful.  
*God yield you*, God reward you.  
*Gourd*, a term used to indicate false dice.  
*Gouts*, drops.  
*Government*, the due regulation of the mind and temper.  
*Gracious*, comely, gentle, displaying gracefulness.  
*Gramercy*, God have mercy ; great thanks.  
*Grange*, the farm-stead or granary of a monastery ; a solitary dwelling.  
*Graves*, or *greaves*, armour protecting the legs.  
*Grise*, a step, a degree.  
*Groundlings*, those on the ground, in the pit of a theatre.  
*Grunt*, to utter a harsh discordant noise ; to grumble.  
*Guard*, facing, braid, decoration.  
*Guidon*, a standard.  
*Gules*, in heraldry, red.  
*Gun-stones*, stone-shot, cannon-balls.

*H*, sometimes used in a punning sense for ache, pronounced aitch.

*Haggard*, an untamed hawk.  
*Hair*, complexion or character, bent of the mind.  
*Happily*, haply, by chance, unexpectedly.  
*Handfast*, bound by a surety.  
*Handsaw*, corruption of hennshaw, a heron.  
*Harry*, to despoil, to harass.  
*Hatch*, to inlay.  
*Having*, possessions, fortune.  
*Hay*, a dance ; a term in fencing.  
*Headborough*, a parish officer.  
*Hebenon*, perhaps henbane, a poisonous plant.

*Heft*, hefted, having a haft or handle.

*Henry*. In the historical plays, it is necessary in many instances to take this word as a trisyllable, Hen(e)ry, in order to obtain a fluent reading.

*Hent*, seized, forcibly taken possession of.

*Herb-grace*, herb of grace, rue.

*Hest*, behest, order, will.

*Hide fox, and all after*, old name for "hide and seek."

*High and low*, high men and low men, false dice.

*Hight*, called, designated.

*Hild*, used for *held*, for the sake of the rhyme, in *Poems*, vol. xiii., p. 182.

*Hilding*, degenerate, a paltry, cowardly fellow.

*His*, often used in the sense of *its*.

*Hobby-horse*, a horse of wicker-work and pasteboard, used in May-games; applied to a loose woman.

*Holding*, chorus or burden of a song.

*Holp*, old form of helped.

*Honesty*, chastity, open-handed liberality.

*Honey-stalks*, red clover.

*Hoodman-blind*, the game of blind-man's buff.

*Hope*, to expect something, favourable or otherwise.

*Horologe*, a clock: the nautical computation of the hours of the day is from 1 to 24; see *Double set*.

*Hour*. In some passages it is convenient to dwell upon this word as two syllables, like *owèr* in *flower*.

*Hugger-mugger*, out of public view, clandestinely.

*Humphrey Hower*, probably a cant term for meal-time or hour, similar to dining with Duke Humphrey.

*Hurling*, clashing, justling, in commotion.

*Husbandry*, thrift, careful management.

*Hysterica passio*, a disease called the Mother.

*I*, often used to represent the affirmative *Ay*, yes.

*Ides*, with the Romans the eighth day after the Nones; the Nones being the fifth day in each month except March, May, July, and October, in these four months the seventh day: hence the "Ides of March" means March 15th.

*Idle*, sterile, uncultivated; idiotic, wild.

*Ignomy*, for ignominy.

*Ill-nurtured*, ill-bred, of faulty education.

*Imbar*, to defend, to secure.

*Immanity*, savagery, barbarity.

*Imperseverant*, destitute of clear perceptions.

*Impertinent*, not suited to time and circumstances.

*Impleached*, closely interwoven, intertwined.  
*Impitious*, without pity, unchecked.  
*Importance*, import, meaning ; importunity.  
*Imposthume*, a collection of matter in any part of the body.  
*In print*, with exactness, minutely, strictly to the letter.  
*Incarnadine*, to dye a blood-colour, to suffuse with crimson.  
*Incony*, delicate, pretty, a pet term.  
*Indent*, to make an agreement, to covenant ; see *Fee'srs.*  
*Index*, an introduction, a preface.  
*Indifferent*, impartial ; *indifferently*, tolerably.  
*Induction*, introduction, entrance, commencement.  
*Indurance*, durance, imprisonment.  
*Inexcrable*, so bad that it cannot be cursed enough.  
*Infestation*, infestation, attacked from abroad.  
*Engaged*, not bound, free.  
*Ingener*, designer, inventor.  
*Ingeniously*, frankly, as ingeniously is now understood.  
*Inhabitable*, the opposite of habitable, uninhabitable.  
*Iniquity*, a character of the old morality plays.  
*Inkhorn-mate*, sarcastic epithet applied to a student.  
*Inkle*, a kind of narrow tape.  
*Inland*, not bred in upland regions, or on the wild coast ;  
     accustomed to manners of towns.  
*Insane root*, a root supposed to occasion insanity.  
*Insensed*, tutored, lessoned, prompted.  
*Integrity*, entirety, intensity.  
*Intenible*, that cannot hold.  
*Invention*, imagination, fancy ; previous reflection.  
*Inwardness*, intimate friendship, mutual confidence.  
*It*, often used for *its*.

*Jack-a-lent*, a puppet thrown at in games at Lent ; a  
     simple, sheepish fellow.

*Jack*, or *mistress*, the mark in the game of bowls.  
*Jack guardant*, a Jack on guard, or in official position.  
*Jacks*, the keys of a spinet or virginal.  
*Jar*, the ticking sound of a watch or clock.  
*Jesses*, the foot-straps of a hawk.  
*Jet*, to strut, to encroach upon.  
*John-a-dreams*, a heavy, lethargic fellow.  
*Joint-ring*, a ring divided to be used as a love-token.  
*Jovial*, pertaining to Jove.  
*Journal*, daily.  
*Judicious*, critical, judicial.  
*Jump*, to agree, to risk ; *jump*, at the nick of time.



*Justice*, a character in old moralities.

*Jutty*, to project, to jut out.

*Kam*, crooked, away from the purpose, fustian.

*Keech, ketch*, a lump of fat or tallow.

*Keel* (*cælan*, Saxon), to cool, or keep from boiling over.

*Kernes*, Irish foot-soldiers.

*Key-cold*, intensely cold, cold as iron.

*Kibes*, chilblains, chaps in the heels.

*Kickie-wickie*, wife, a familiar term.

*Killingworth*, familiar name for Kenilworth.

*Kind*, nature, species.

*Kindle*, to prompt, to instigate.

*Knap*, to bite or break short.

*Knives*. It was customary in Shakspeare's time for invited guests to take their own knives.

*Knot-grass*. The family of plants to which the knot-grass belongs yields several medicinal appliances; the knot-grass was credited with the power of hindering animal growth.

*Knots*, intricate figures in garden-beds.

*Label*, a narrow slip of parchment affixed to a deed, on which to fasten the seal of a person signing it.

*Labras*, lips.

*Laced mutton; ladybird*, names for loose women.

*Lade*, to bale out water, or discharge it in small portions.

*Lag*, the lowest of the people; *to lag*, to come in late.

*Laid on with a trowel*, plentifully, with wide range.

*Lakin*, or *ladykin*, little lady.

*Land-damn*, to destroy—not clearly known in what way.

*Lashed*, fastened together.

*Latched, letched*, licked over; caught.

*Laund*, a lawn; *laundry*, a laundress.

*Lavolta*, a sprightly dance.

*Learn*, to teach. Still in use in North Britain.

*Leather-coats*, a kind of apple.

*Leer*, complexion, cast of the countenance.

*Leese*, to lose.

*Leet*, court-leet, the manor-court.

*Legerity*, nimbleness, quickness in motion.

*Leman*, a lover, a sweetheart.

*Lenten*, spare, provision allowed in Lent time.

*L'envoy*, the epilogue, or moral, of a poem.

*Let*, to hinder, to prevent, to forbear.

*Lethe*, the river of oblivion, or death.

- Level*, the range of a piece of ordnance.  
*Libbard*, or *lubbar*, a leopard.  
*Liberal*, too free, licentious in language and in act.  
*License*, licentiousness.  
*Lie*, to reside, to lodge, to be imprisoned.  
*Lief*, willingly, or readily ; *liefest*, dearest, most beloved.  
*Lieger*, a resident representative or ambassador.  
*Light o' love*, a dance tune.  
*Lightly*, in the usual course, commonly.  
*Likelihood*, similarity.  
*Likeness*, mere pretence of goodness.  
*Limbeck*, alembic, a vessel used in distilling.  
*Limbo*, the separate state, hades ; a prison.  
*Limbs of Limehouse*, the rough 'long-shore mob.  
*Limed*, caught, snared, as birds are taken by birdlime ;  
 deceived.  
*Limit*, stated time ; *limited*, regular, appointed.  
*Limited professions*, occupations restrained within bounds,  
 whether by law or custom.  
*Limn*, to delineate, to pourtray.  
*Ling*, a kind of heath.  
*Link*, a torch ; *linstock*, a match used in firing cannon.  
*List*, the edge of cloth, the bound or limit.  
*Lither*, flexible, easily moved from active efforts.  
*Livelihood*, the appearance of life ; *lively*, living.  
*Liver*, regarded as the seat of the affections.  
*Livery*, a term of the feudal law as to tenures.  
*Living*, means of living, possessions, income.  
*Loach*, a small dainty fish.  
*Lob*, a booby, a dull, stupid person.  
*Lockram*, a kind of coarse linen.  
*Lode-star*, the leading or guiding star, the pole star.  
*Lodged*, laid by the wind, applied to corn in the field.  
*Loof*, or *luff*, to bring the ship close to the wind.  
*Lop*, the branches cut off from trees for firewood.  
*Lot*, a prize ; *lottery*, an allotment.  
*Love-in-idleness*, a flower.  
*Low-crooked*, low-crouched, low-bowed.  
*Lower messes*, persons occupying an inferior place in the  
 social system.  
*Loyal*. This word has been introduced in a passage  
 (*Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2 ; vol. viii., p. 326) which  
 has given much trouble to editors, and occasioned  
 numerous proposed emendations. Loyalty is the  
 burden of the previous and succeeding speeches of  
 the King and Wolsey ; and the reading of this edition

seems, without straining, to fit in with the sense of the whole passage. The lines originally stood:—

*Vol.* I do profess  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul;

It now reads:—

I do profess  
That for your highness' good I have ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that I am loyal, and will be,  
Though all the world, &c.

*Lozel*, a term of contempt, a despicable fellow.

*Luce*, the pike or jack fish.

*Lulling*, steeping the senses in pleasure.

*Lunes*, fits of frenzy, wild pranks.

*Lurch*, to win easily at cards.

*Lush*, rank, luscious, succulent.

*Lust*, pleasure, inclination; *lustick*, cheerful, vigorous.

*Luxury*, lust; *luxurious*, lustful, lascivious.

*Lym*, a particular kind of bloodhound.

*Maculate*, tainted, spotted; *maculation*, a spot, a stain.

*Magnifico*, a great man in the Venetian state.

*Magot-pie*, a magpie.

*Mailed-up*, covered or wrapped up.

*Main*, mainland; *main of light*, body of light.

*Make*, a companion, a mate; *makeless*, companionless.

*Make the door*, to bar or lock up, to close in for the night.

*Malkin*, equivalent for Mall or Moll, meaning Mary, a servant girl; a figure made of rags; a scarecrow.

*Mallecho*, ill-doing, mischief.

*Mallet*, or *mallard*, male of the wild duck species.

*Malt-worms*, indulgers in malt liquors, drunkards.

*Mammoth*, to cut, break, or tear in pieces.

*Man*, to bring a wild hawk under subjection.

*Mandrake*, mandrake, a strong opiate; fabulously endowed with animal life, and power to injure man.

*Mankind*, of masculine nature; applied to bold women.

*Manner*, with *the*, in the very act.

*Marches*, division lines, boundaries.

*Marchpane*, a sweet biscuit or cake.

*Martial-hand*, a careless scrawl.

*Martlemas*, Martinmas, in November; decline of years.

*Mate*, to confuse, to confound, to destroy.

*Maund*, a hand-basket.

*Mazzard*, the jaw.

*Meacock*, a faint-hearted, pusillanimous fellow.

*Means*. A line occurs in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2, vol. ix., p. 64, which has been variously amended by different editors to obtain an additional syllable. Probably the true solution of the difficulty should be sought in the treatment of the word means, spelt *meanes*, as two syllables, thus:—*Our best friends made, our meanes stretch'd*.

*Measure*, extent of power; a stately dance.

*Meazel*, a leprous person; used contemptuously.

*Medlar*, the medlar-tree, the fruit of which is not fit for eating till it begins to decay.

*Meiny*, following, servants, retinue.

*Mell*, to mix, meddle.

*Mephostophilus*, a familiar spirit; cant word among topers.

*Mercatante*, a merchant, a foreign trader.

*Mermaid*, a siren.

*Merry greek*, a wag, a humourist; an immoral man.

*Mess*, the members of a company who keep common table; *messes*, varying degrees in social rank.

*Metaphysical*, beyond physical science, supernatural.

*Micher*, a truant, a lurking thief.

*Miching*, idling about, sly, petty thieving.

*Milch*, moist.

*Mill-sixpence*, a milled sixpence.

*Mineral*, a mine or metallic vein.

*Mirable*, worthy of admiration.

*Misconster*, to mistake or misinterpret; to misconstrue.

*Miser*, miserable creature; low in character or condition.

*Misery*, the possession of a miserly, avaricious spirit.

*'Miss*, amiss, fault.

*Missives*, messengers.

*Mistempered*, having lost temper, angry.

*Mistress*, or *jack*, the bowl aimed at in bowling.

*Mo*, or *moe*, frequently used for *more*.

*Mobled*, muffled, veiled.

*Modern*, trite, customary, commonplace.

*Module*, model, pattern, image.

*Moe*, *mow*, or *more*, to make mouths.

*Moiety*, the half; frequently used for any portion.

*Moist star*, the moon, so called as influencing the tides.

*Mold-warb*, the mole.

*Mome*, a dull, stupid, dronish fellow.

*Momentany*, for momentary, occurs in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1, vol. ii., p. 208.

- Montanto*, a technical term in fencing.  
*Month's-mind*, a determination, strong purpose.  
*Mood*, angry feeling; temper; *moody*, melancholy.  
*Moonish*, subject to frequent changes, like the moon.  
*Moralize*, to expound, to comment, to advise.  
*More and less*, all classes, great and small, high and low.  
*Morisco*, a Moor; *Morris-pike*, a Moorish pike.  
*Mort*, death; *Mort o' the deer*, a hunting chorus.  
*Mortal*, causing death, murderous, fatal.  
*Mot*, motto, a significant word.  
*Motion*, desire, solicitation; a puppet, which is moved.  
*Motive*, that which causes or assists motion; motive power.  
*Motley*, a fool; from a fool's parti-coloured coat.  
*Mought*, the old form of *might*.  
*Mouse-hunt*, a kind of weasel, which preys on mice.  
*Moy*, supposed to mean a small coin.  
*Much!* a contemptuous expression.  
*Muleters*, muleteers, drivers of mules.  
*Multiplied*, *multitudinous*, referring to great numbers.  
*Mundane*, worldly, the present life.  
*Murder*, *murderer*, *murdering*, generally spelt *murther*, *murtherer*, *murthering*, in the early editions.  
*Murdering-piece*, a piece of artillery with several barrels.  
*Mure*, a wall, from the Latin *murus*.  
*Muse*, to wonder, to admire.  
*Muset*, a break in a hedge.  
*Muss*, a scramble, an eager struggle.  
*Myrmidons*, rude ruffians, from Achilles' soldiers, who were drawn from a district of that name in Thessaly.  
  
*Napkin*, a handkerchief, sometimes spelt *handkercher*.  
*Natural*, an idiot.  
*Naughty*, unprincipled, wicked.  
*Nay-word*, a watchword, a byword.  
*Near*, "near you,"—know your meaning, or condition.  
*Neat slave*, a cow-herd.  
*Neb*, the nose, the beak, the mouth.  
*Neeld*, a needle.  
*Neif* (*nieve*, Scotch), the fist.  
*Nephew*, from the Latin *nepos*, a grandson, applied to several collateral relationships.  
*Nether-stocks*, short stockings or half-hose.  
*Newt*, the eft, a small lizard.  
*Next way*, the nearest, most direct way.  
*Nice*, trifling, effeminate; *nicely*, scrupulously.  
*Nicholas's Clerks*, *St.*, thieves: *St. Nicholas* their patron.

*Nick*, mark or notch, count or reckoning.  
*Night-rule*, a night revel.  
*Nine men's morris*, a country game.  
*Noble*, ancient gold coin, valued at 6s. 8d.  
*Nobless*, "you nobless English," you nobles of England.  
*Nod*, to give the nod, a gesture of ridicule or contempt.  
*Noddy*, a game at cards ; a silly fellow.  
*No poynt*, a pun on the French negative, *non point*.  
*Noise*, the sound of music, a band of musical performers.  
*Nonce*, for the time, for the special occasion.  
*Nook-shotten*, thrown into a corner, out of the way.  
*Nott-pated*, round-headed.  
*Nousle*, to pamper the appetite, to feed with delicacies.  
*Novum*, a game at dice : the chief throws were 9 and 5.  
*Nowl*, noddle, a head-piece.  
*Nut-hook*, a hook to pull nuts off the tree ; applied to a thief, and also to a thief-catcher or bailiff.

*O*, a circle, an orb, applied to the earth ; *this wooden O*, the stage, or playhouse.  
*Oar*, to make progress in the water, as with oars.  
*Ob*, obolum, a halfpenny.  
*Obsequies*, funeral rites.  
*Obsequious*, compliant, as one taking part in obsequies.  
*Observation*, observance, peculiar ceremony.  
*Obstacle*, used for obstinate.  
*Occupations*, persons occupied in trade or business.  
*Occurrents*, current events or incidents.  
*Odds*, falling at odds, quarrelling ; *oddly*, unequally.  
*Od's body*, *Od's pittikins*, oaths, God's body, pity, &c.  
*Eiliads*, glances, winks, tokens given by the eye.  
*O'erlooked*, *o'erparted*, *o'erwrested*, see *overlooked*, *overparted*, *overwrested*.  
*Oes*, circles, round shining bodies ; smallpox marks.  
*Of*, used in the sense of *for*.  
*Off-capped*, took off the cap, addressed with respect.  
*Offices*, apartments of a mansion or official residence.  
*Old*, *old utis*, exquisite fooling, rare fun.  
*Old age*, applied to ages past ; antiquity.  
*On*, in the sense of *of* ; *on*, sometimes pronounced as *own*.  
*Oneyer*, a personage in commerce, perhaps a banker.  
*Opal*, a precious stone, pearl-white, which in the sun reflects the prismatic colours.  
*Opinioned*, used by Dogberry for *pinioned*.  
*Oppositions*, *single oppositions*, single encounters.  
*Or*, as in heraldry, gold.

*Orbs*, fairy circles.

*Ordinance*, rank, command.

*Ordinance*, cannon; formerly spelt ordinance, and occasionally required to be read as a trisyllable; see *Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 4, vol. vii., p. 37.

*Orgulous*, disdainful, proud, haughty.

*Orient*, bright, shining, glittering.

*Orts*, remains, fragments, scraps.

*Ostent*, parade, show, ostentation.

*Ouphes*, fairies, goblins.

*Ousel-cock*, the blackbird.

*Out*, to the utmost extent, full, complete.

*Out of all cess*, beyond all rating.

*Outlook*, to out-face, to overcome.

*Outward*, kept at an outside, not in the secret.

*Overlooked*, passed beyond; bewitched.

*Overparted*, having too great a part assigned to one.

*Overseer*, one who sees to the execution of a will.

*Overtopping*, aiming at undue elevation.

*Overwrested*, overstretched, ambitious imitations.

*Owches*, ornaments of jewelry.

*Owe*, formerly had the meaning of *to own*.

*Ox-lip*, the great cowslip.

*Pack*, to conspire, to scheme; *packed*, a conspirator.

*Paddock*, a great frog, or toad.

*Pagan*, a person of vicious conduct.

*Painted-cloth*, hangings with which rooms were furnished.

*Paiocke*, *pajock*, peacock.

*Palabras* (Spanish), spare your words, a cant phrase.

*Pale*, inclosure, railings; *pale*, to impale.

*Pall*, to give way through intense fear.

*Palliament*, a white robe for a candidate.

*Palmer*, a pilgrim, from the palm-branches carried by pilgrims who had visited the Holy Land.

*Paragon*, to compare, to institute a parallel.

*Parcel*, part; *parcel-gilt*, partially gilt.

*Pard*, the leopard.

*Parish-top*, a large top formerly kept in villages to be whipped for exercise.

*Paritor*, an apparitor, an officer of the Spiritual Court.

*Parlous*, perilous; keen, shrewd.

*Partake*, to take part with; *partaker*, a confederate.

*Parted*, possessing natural powers or parts.

*Partizan*, a kind of pike or halberd.

*Partlet*, *Dame*, a name given to the hen by old writers.

- Pash*, the face, the head ; *pashed*, struck, crushed.  
*Passage*, persons passing to and fro.  
*Passy-measures pavin*, the name of a dance.  
*Pastry*, the pastry-room, a place where pastry was made.  
*Patched*, dressed in clothes of different colours.  
*Patchery*, trickery.  
*Patient*, used as a verb, to make patient.  
*Patine*, a chalice cover ; a circular shining object.  
*Pattern*, to be a pattern, to give an example.  
*Pauca verba*, shorten your speech.  
*Pedant*, *pedascul*, a learned man, a schoolmaster.  
*Peise*, to balance ; *peised*, weighted, balanced.  
*Pelleted*, composed of pellets, or small rounded particles.  
*Pelting*, peddling, insignificant.  
*Pensioners*, gentlemen pensioners attending at court.  
*Perdu* (from the French), lost, undone.  
*Perdurable*, durable, lasting.  
*Perdy*, imitation of a French oath, *Par Dieu*.  
*Perfect*, certain, assured from good information.  
*Periapt*, amulets ; charms suspended from the neck.  
*Person*, formerly used as parson now is.  
*Pew-fellow*, a companion, a comrade.  
*Philip*, a name familiarly given to the sparrow.  
*Pia-mater*, a thin membrane over the brain ; the brain.  
*Pick*, to pitch, to throw.  
*Picked*, affected, nice, fantastical.  
*Pickers and stealers*, the hands and fingers.  
*Pight*, pitched, determined, fixed, settled.  
*Pilcher*, an outer leathern garment ; a scabbard.  
*Pill*, to peel, or strip off ; *pilled*, plundered.  
*Pin and web*, the cataract in the eye.  
*Pioners*, or *pioneers*, formerly soldiers in disgrace, set to rough and menial tasks.  
*Pitch and pay*, pay as you go, no trust.  
*Placket*, a petticoat.  
*Plagued*, subject to plagues, punished.  
*Planched*, made of boards, planked.  
*Plantage*, the vegetable kingdom : supposed to be affected by the changes of the moon.  
*Plates*, plated pieces, silver coin.  
*Platform*, plan, scheme.  
*Pleached*, interwoven, intertwined.  
*Plot*, spot of ground.  
*Plurisy*, abundance, repletion.  
*Point-device*, with strict attention to minutiae.  
*Points*, tagged laces, to hold dresses together.



*Polacks*, Poles.

*Politician*, one given to plotting, a schemer.

*Pomander*, a perfumed ball or powder.

*Pomfret*, familiar name for Pontefract.

*Poor John*, a fish of the hake kind.

*Popinjay*, a parrot ; a trifling fop.

*Porpentine*, porcupine.

*Portance*, conduct ; conveyance from place to place.

*Potch*, to thrust, to push.

*Poulter*, a dealer in poultry, a poulterer.

*Pouncet-box*, a box to hold perfumes.

*Practice*, artifice, wicked stratagem.

*Prefer*, to patronize, to advance in worldly position.

*Pregnant*, ready witted, of fertile mind ; clearly apparent.

*Prenzie*, fastidious, minutely careful of appearances.

*Preposterous*, out of place, inversely.

*Prescience*, knowledge of futurity.

*Pressed, prest*, under voluntary obligation, prepared.

*Pretend*, to intend ; to portend.

*Prevent*, to go before, to anticipate.

*Prick-song*, music sung from notes.

*Pricket*, a buck in the second year.

*Primero*, a game at cards.

*Principals*, the chief rafters of a house.

*Princox*, a young coxcomb.

*Print, in*, formal, precise, to the letter.

*Probal*, used for probate.

*Prodigious*, enormous ; omeneing some prodigy.

*Proditor*, traitor.

*Prolonged*, postponed, delayed.

*Prompture*, suggestion, temptation.

*Prone*, inclined, eager, ardent, headstrong.

*Proper-false*, good-looking deceiver.

*Proposing*, engaging in discourse.

*Prorogue*, to subdue, benumb.

*Provincial roses*, roses of Provence.

*Pruning*, pluming, dressing for show.

*Prÿthee*, often spelt *prithee* in early editions ; a contraction of *I pray thee*.

*Pun*, to pound, to break in pieces.

*Punk*, a strumpet.

*Purchase*, profit ; plunder.

*Push-pin*, a child's play, pins being pushed alternately.

*Put on*, to instigate, to prompt.

*Putter-out*, a money-lender.

*Puttock*, a buzzard.

*Puzzel*, a dirty drab.

*Pyramis*, pyramid.

*Quail*, to give way ; to cause faint-heartedness.

*Qualification*, temperament.

*Quarrel*, disagreement, suit ; an arrow.

*Quarry*, game flown at by a hawk ; prey ; a pile of game.

*Quart d'ecu*, a quarter-crown piece.

*Quat*, a pimple or scab ; used contemptuously.

*Queasy*, fastidious, fidgety, unsettled.

*Quell*, to subdue or crush ; to kill.

*Quern*, a hand-mill.

*Question*, to converse, to discourse.

*Questionable shape*, a shape that may be questioned.

*Questrist*, one who searches or goes in quest of another.

*Quiddits*, quiddities, subtleties in law or in common talk.

*Quietus*, discharge, acquittance.

*Quillet*, a nice point or quibble, for *quodlibet*, or *quidlibet*.

*Quintain*, a figure with a turning top, attached to a post, for exercise in tilting.

*Quiver*, active, nimble.

*Race*, nature, essence.

*Rack*, to stretch unduly, to enhance prices ; thin vapour.

*Rag*, contemptuous epithet applied to the mob.

*Raging-wood*, raging mad.

*Rake up*, to cover over.

*Ranged*, arranged, adjusted.

*Rank*, full to the brim ; exuberant.

*Raps*, raptures, transports ; *rapt*, in an ecstasy.

*Rapture*, a convulsive fit.

*Rascal*, a lean, ill-conditioned deer ; a mean scoundrel.

*Rated*, scolded ; estimated, valued.

*Raught*, old form of *reached* ; stretched, reft, riven.

*Ravined*, ravenous, voracious.

*Razed shoes*, slashed or cut shoes ; tied with rosettes.

*Raze*, race, of ginger, a root of ginger.

*Rearmouse*, reremouse, the bat.

*Reason*, to converse, discourse.

*Reasonable swiftness*, swiftness of reason, or thought.

*Rebeck*, a three-stringed fiddle.

*Receiving*, aptness to understand, quick apprehension.

*Recheat*, a note on the horn, to call dogs from false scent.

*Reck*, to heed, to care for.

*Reckless*, without regard to consequences.

*Record*, to sing ; *recorder*, a kind of flute or flageolet.

- Recover the wind of me*, get round, get the better of me.  
*Rede*, counsel, advice ; *to rede*, to admonish.  
*Red-lattice*, indicating an alehouse.  
*Red-lattice phrases*, alehouse talk.  
*Reechy*, reeky, smoky, sooty.  
*Refelled*, refuted, repressed.  
*Regiment*, used for *regimen*, rule, government.  
*Regreet*, to exchange friendly courtesies.  
*Reguerdon*, acknowledgment, recompense.  
*Rejourn*, to put off till another day.  
*Relume*, to light anew, to rekindle.  
*Remember thy courtesy*, waive ceremony, don't incommode yourself.  
*Remorse*, pity, kindness ; *remorseful*, compassionate.  
*Remotion*, removal.  
*Removed*, remote, away from public society.  
*Reneague*, to renounce, to deny.  
*Repeal*, to reprieve, to reverse a sentence.  
*Repetition*, recalling the past, recrimination.  
*Reprobance*, reprobation, abandoned to punishment.  
*Reproof*, disproof, confutation.  
*Repured*, refined, purified.  
*Requiem*, funeral hymn, invoking rest for the dead.  
*Resembleth*, read as a word of four syllables, *resemb(e)leth*,  
in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 3, vol. i., p. 99.  
*Reserve*, to preserve, take care of.  
*Respective*, mindful of promises.  
*Respectively*, with respect.  
*Resty*, restif, uneasy ; dull, averse to action.  
*Retailed*, passed on by one generation to another.  
*Retort*, to reflect ; to chide in answer to rebuke.  
*Reverb*, to reverberate, to beat back, to sound again.  
*Reverso*, a term of the fencing school.  
*Revolt*, one who has revolted, a rebel.  
*Reword*, to echo.  
*Ribaudred nag*, a vile strumpet.  
*Rich coat*, in heraldry a field or escutcheon fully charged.  
*Richard, earl of Arundel*. [The son of Richard, earl of Arundel.] This line, occurring in *King Richard the Second*, ii. 1., vol. vii., p. 35, was inserted in the text by Malone, to complete the sense of the passage. The name is given in Holinshed's history.  
*Rid*, old form of rode, did ride ; *rid*, to get rid of.  
*Ride the wild mare*, to play at see-saw.  
*Rigol*, a circle ; applied to a crown or coronet.  
*Rivage*, the bank of the river or sea, the shore.

*Rivalry*, being equal in rank and authority.  
*Rive*, to burst, to fire, to discharge.  
*Road*, roadstead, a bay or haven.  
*Romage*, bustle, general commotion.  
*Rome*, very frequently pronounced Room.  
*Rondure*, a circumference, the globe.  
*Rood*, the cross, or crucifix, used in churches.  
*Rook*, to squat or roost.  
*Ropery*, *rope-tricks*, ribaldry, roguery.  
*Rother*, a horned beast, as an ox, a cow, &c.  
*Round*, candid, outspoken; *rounding*, whispering.  
*Roundel*, a song or dance.  
*Royish*, scurvy, scabby; paltry, mean.  
*Ruddock*, a name for the robin redbreast.  
*Ruff*, the top of the boot turned over.  
*Ruffle*, to flutter, to riot, to promote disorder.  
*Rule the roast*, to take the leading part.  
*Rushling*, rustling.  
*Ruth*, pity, compassion.

*Sacrificial*, corresponding to the solemnity of worship.  
*Sacring-bell*, the bell rung on the consecration of the host.  
*Sad*, grave, thoughtful; *sadly*, with seriousness.  
*Safe*, to make safe, to furnish a safeguard.  
*Sagg*, to hang heavy, to be burdened, in doubt.  
*Sagittary*, supposed by some to be an inn bearing that sign; thought by Mr. Knight to be the official residence of the Commander-in-chief of the Venetian army and navy: the figure of an archer with his bow drawn being over the gate of that residence.

*Sain*, used for *said*.  
*Sallet*, a herb (salad) eaten with salt; also, a helmet.  
*Sallets*, piquant sayings; jests.  
*Salt*, lascivious.  
*Saltiers*, a corrupted form of satyrs.  
*Salute*, to move, to excite, to exhilarate.  
*Samingo*, the burden of an old drinking song.  
*Sans*, without.  
*Savage*, wild, uncultivated; *savageness*, wildness.  
*Say*, a kind of silk; *'say*, to assay, to attempt.  
*Scale*, to separate, to disperse.  
*Scaled*, scattered, dispersed; weighted, over-reached.  
*Scaling*, weighing, balancing.  
*Scall*, leprosy, baldness; a word used reproachfully.  
*Scamble*, to be turbulent, to scramble.  
*Scambling*, grabbing; unsettled, disorderly.

- Scamel*, perhaps sea-mell, or sea-mew.  
*Scantling*, a small piece of wood ; a portion.  
*Scapes*, escapades, faults, misdeeds.  
*Sconce*, the head ; a small fort.  
*Scotch*, a severe, though not mortal, wound.  
*Scrimmer*, an adroit fencer.  
*Scull*, shoal of fish ; still called school in Cornwall.  
*Scut*, the tail of a deer or hare.  
*Seals*, acts, deeds, confirming words previously spoken.  
*Seam*, lard, fat.  
*Secret*, sacred, set apart, consecrated.  
*Sect*, a scion, a section or cutting ; a political faction.  
*Securely*, with overmuch confidence.  
*Security*, carelessness.  
*Seel*, to close up, as closing up the eyes of a hawk.  
*Sennet*, a sounding of trumpets ; a flourish.  
*Sensible*, substantial, palpable, possessing sensation.  
*Septentrion*, the north.  
*Set forth*, to enlarge upon, to describe ; used ironically.  
*Set up his rest*, to stake all.  
*Setter*, a watcher confederate with thieves.  
*Several*, separate, private ; multiplied.  
*Shadowing passion*, sorrow, preternaturally indicated.  
*Shame*, "for shame," for the sake of decency.  
*Shards*, fragments ; scaly wings of the beetle.  
*Sheaf*, quality, characteristic disposition.  
*Sheep*, pronounced ship, the subject of many puns.  
*Shive*, or *shave*, a slice, as of bread.  
*Shoughs*, dogs with very shaggy coats.  
*Shovel-board*, a broad shilling, in game of shove-groat.  
*Shrew'd*, mischievous, of a shrewish spirit.  
*Siege*, seat, office, place.  
*Sights*, eye-holes in a helmet.  
*Sightless*, not visible ; unpleasant to see, repulsive.  
*Signiory*, lordship, government.  
*Silly-sooth*, homely, plain truth.  
*Simular*, simulated, deceitful.  
*Sir-reverence*, Save your Reverence, a form of apology, used as a preface to objectionable expressions.  
*Sirs, sirce*, an old form of addressing the female sex.  
*Sith*, since, as ; *sithence*, since then.  
*Sizes*, allowances for expenses, as at school or college.  
*Skimble-skamble*, wild, wandering, confused.  
*Skirr*, to scour, to run in haste.  
*Sliver*, to break off, to slice, to divide lengthwise.  
*Slops*, loose knee-breeches.

- Slubber*, to perform work carelessly, clumsily.  
*Smirched*, polluted, clouded, sullied.  
*Sneaping*, checking, nipping.  
*Snipe*, a small bird, a blockhead, a fool.  
*Solidity*, "this solidity and compound mass," the earth.  
*Sonnet*, sonneteer, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2, vol. iii. 203.  
*Sorel*, a buck over two years old.  
*Sort*, rank, status; *sort*, to choose, to arrange.  
*Soul-fearing*, that which makes the soul afraid, appalling.  
*Sound*, a narrow sea.  
*Sowle*, to pull out by the ears.  
*Spavin*, a disease of horses, a bony excrescence growing on the inside of the hough.  
*Sped*, done, decided, finished.  
*Sperr*, to shut in, to confine.  
*Spilth*, anything spilt or wasted.  
*Spleen*, humour, caprice; eager haste.  
*Sprag*, acute, apt to learn, of quick natural parts.  
*Spring*, a shoot, a sprig; the beginning.  
*Springhalt*, stringhalt, a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the hind leg in horses.  
*Spurs*, deep roots of trees.  
*Square*, regular, just, honest; *to square*, to quarrel.  
*Squash*, peascod not matured.  
*Squire*, square, a rule, from *équerre*, or *esquierre*, French.  
*Stale*, old, past use; a decoy, a stalking-horse.  
*Stannyel*, the common stone-hawk.  
*Stark*, stiff, strong; *starkly*, in the highest degree.  
*Starve*, *sterve*, to perish with hunger or cold.  
*States*, personages of elevated station.  
*Statue*, applied to a painted portrait, as well as to sculpture.  
*Statues*, used by Dogberry for *statutes*; *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 3, vol. iii., p. 49. In some copies the word is printed, in error, *statutes*.  
*Stelled*, engraved, fixed.  
*Sterling*, true, genuine, from Sterling money, as that current among merchants was generally denominated: supposed to be so named from the Easterling merchants.  
*Stickler*, an umpire or arbitrator in quarrels.  
*Stigmatic*, deformed, marked, stigmatized.  
*Stone-bow*, a cross-bow for throwing stones.  
*Stoop*, or *stoup*, a cup or drinking measure.  
*Strain*, descent; song, sound of music; disposition.  
*Strain courtesy*, *to*, to fight shy of a post of difficulty.  
*Strait*, narrow, grasping; *straited*, in perplexity.

- Strappado*, a kind of rack ; chastisement by blows.  
*Strike*, to take advantage of circumstances.  
*Strike sail*, to submit.  
*Stuff*, baggage of a person or army ; substance, essence.  
*Subscribe*, to agree to, to yield, to succumb.  
*Success*, succession, sequence, that which follows.  
*Successively*, in order of succession.  
*Sumpter*, a horse that carries clothes, furniture, or provisions.  
*Surcease*, to cease, to come to an end.  
*Sur-reined*, ridden too much, overworked.  
*Swab*, a mop ; *swabber*, one who cleans the ship's decks.  
*Swarth*, or *swath*, the quantity cut down at one stroke of the scythe.  
*Swathing clothes*, swaddling clothes.  
*Swinge-buckler*, a riotous person, a bully.  
*Sword*, to swear by the sword was held a very solemn form of oath by some northern nations.  
*Swound*, old form of swoon.  
*Sympathy*, parity, equality of rank or position.
- Table*, a picture ; tablet or note-book ; palm of the hand.  
*Tag*, a piece of metal at the point of a lace ; the mob.  
*Take*, to strike with weakness or disease, to bewitch.  
*Take out*, to make a copy or imitation.  
*Taking up*, buying goods on credit.  
*Tallow-ketch*, or *keech*, a lump of ox-fat, or tallow.  
*Tang*, to twang, to make a ringing sound.  
*Tanling*, tanned or browned by the sun.  
*Tarre*, to stimulate, to incite.  
*Tartar*, Tartarus, the infernal regions.  
*Tassel-gentle*, an elegant and highly-trained hawk.  
*Taxation*, censure, satirical style of remark.  
*Temperance*, used for temperature.  
*Tender*, to hold in tender regard.  
*Tender hefted*, susceptible to tenderness.  
*Tercel*, the male hawk.  
*Testern*, to give a tester or sixpence to any one.  
*Than*, used for *then*, to harmonise the rhyme, in *Rape of Lucrece*, vol. xiii., p. 189.  
*Thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.  
*Thirdborough*, *tharborough*, an under-constable.  
*Thrasonical*, bombastical, bragging.  
*Three-man-beetle*, an implement for driving piles, worked by three men.  
*Three-man-song-men*, the three singers in a trio.

- Three-pile*, rich three-pile velvet.  
*Thrum*, the end of weavers' threads ; coarse yarn.  
*Tickle-brain*, some strong intoxicating liquor.  
*Tight*, active, handy ; *tightly*, promptly.  
*Tilth*, tillage, husbandry, cultivation.  
*Time of day*, to give *the*, to offer friendly salutation.  
*Timeless*, in the sense of untimely, premature.  
*Tire*, to seize, to tear, as the hawk does with its talons.  
*Title* (of a peace), preface, first proceedings, in reference to the restoration of peace.  
*To-friend*, *to-spend*, &c., an emphatic mode of expression.  
*Tomboy*, a masculine, forward girl.  
*Too too*, out of measure, excessively.  
*Touch*, test for precious metals ; sympathy.  
*Touse*, to pull about, to drag.  
*Toward*, in preparation, nearly ready.  
*Toze*, to draw out, to pull asunder, as in carding wool.  
*Trade*, custom, ordinary course.  
*Tranect*, a ferry.  
*Trash*, to check the hounds.  
*Travail*, arduous labour, toil, work.  
*Treaties*, entreaties.  
*Trick*, peculiarity of voice or feature.  
*Tricked*, blazoned, painted, as in heraldry.  
*Triple*, used for a third, one of three.  
*Triumphs*, celebration of triumphs, masques, revels.  
*Trojan*, a thief, a slang epithet.  
*Trol-my-dames* (French, *trou-madame*), a game.  
*Tropically*, by way of trope or figure, metaphorically.  
*True men*, faithful, honest men.  
*Tucket*, *tucket-sonance*, a flourish on a trumpet.  
*Turk*, to turn, to change one's religion, to apostatise.  
*Twiggen-bottle*, a bottle made of wicker-work, or small twigs.  
*Tyring*, attiring, dressing, adorning.  
*Tything*, the smallest division of a county, consisting of ten families, subordinate to the hundred.  
  
*Unaneled*, dying without receiving extreme unction.  
*Unbated*, unblunted, not prepared for fencing, applied to a weapon.  
*Unbolt*, to open the method and meaning, to disclose.  
*Unbolted*, not passed through a sieve, coarse.  
*Unbonneted*, irrespective of conventional distinctions of rank, official position, &c.  
*Unbraided*, not damaged, not faded.



- Unconfirmed*, raw, new to the world's ways.  
*Under generation*, the people at the antipodes.  
*Uneath*, hardly, uneasily.  
*Unfair*, to unfair, to deprive of beauty.  
*Unhappy*, unprosperous, not successful.  
*Unhappily*, harshly, censoriously.  
*Unhoused*, free to change one's abode, unmarried.  
*Unhousel*, not having partaken of the sacrament.  
*Unkind*, not in accordance with natural feeling.  
*Unmanned*, wild, not tamed, a term in falconry.  
*Unqualitied*, deprived of qualities or powers.  
*Unquestionable*, avoiding questioning or conversation.  
*Unreasonable creatures*, creatures without reason, the irrational tribes.  
*Unrolled*, erased from the roll or membership of a society.  
*Unsmirched*, without smear or stain, pure.  
*Untraded*, not in common use.  
*Unvalued*, that which cannot be estimated, invaluable.  
*Urchin*, the hedgehog; applied also to a fairy.  
*Usance*, usury, exorbitant interest for money.  
*Utterance*, l'outrance, to the uttermost.  
  
*Vade*, for fade; *vading*, fading.  
*Vail*, to let down, to lower, to give way.  
*Vainness*, vanity, lightness.  
*Vantage*, advantage, favourable opportunity.  
*Vantbrace*, armour for the arm.  
*Varlet*, valet, a servant, a footman; a scoundrel.  
*Vast*, waste, limitless expanse; *vastidity*, immensity.  
*Vaunt*, the avant, the foremost, the van.  
*Vaunt courier* (French, *avant-coureur*), a fore-runner.  
*Vaward*, the guard in advance, the van.  
*Velvet-guards*, velvet facings or trimmings; persons accustomed to wear rich dresses.  
*Venew*, a stroke of fence; a sally of wit.  
*Ventages*, air-holes in a flute or flageolet.  
*Via*, an interjection, away with you!  
*Vice*, to screw; *Vice*, a buffoon in old morality plays.  
*Viewless*, what cannot be seen, invisible.  
*Villany*, villanous, generally spelt *villainy*, *villainous*, in early editions.  
*Villein*, villain, a servant; a worthless character.  
*Violenteth*, worketh passionately.  
*Virginal*, a musical instrument.  
*Virginaling*, playing as if on a virginal.  
*Vizement*, advisement.

*Volable*, sprightly, of ready speech and action.  
*Voluble*, changeable, inconstant.

*Waft*, to wave or invite by the hand.  
*Waftage*, passage, to be wafted or conveyed.  
*Wage*, to wage war, to carry on a conflict.  
*Waist*, the middle of a ship.  
*Wannion*, vengeance.  
*Wappened*, withered, outworn.  
*Warden*, a kind of baking pear.  
*Wassails*, merry meetings, festivals.  
*Watch*, a watch-light; *watch*, to tame by keeping awake.  
*Water-gall*, a secondary rainbow.  
*Water-work*, painting in distemper.  
*Wax, sea of*, an allusion to the wax tablets on which the ancients wrote with the *stylus*.  
*Web and pin*, cataract in the eye.  
*Ween*, to conceive, to think, to imagine.  
*Weet*, to know, to be informed.  
*Weigh out*, to outweigh, to overbalance.  
*Welkin*, the visible firmament.  
*Wen*, a swollen excrescence.  
*When?* an exclamation of impatience.  
*Whenas*, when; *where*, whereas; *whereas*, where; *whileas*, while.  
*Whiffler*, a fife-player; a trifler; one who walks before a procession.  
*Whipstock*, the handle of a whip; the whip itself.  
*Whirring*, the noise made by a bird's wing in flying.  
*Whiting-time*, bleaching-time.  
*Whitsters*, bleachers of linen.  
*Wicked*, injurious, noxious.  
*Wide-chopped*, open-mouthed, a loud talker.  
*Widowhood*, a dower, the jointure belonging to a widow.  
*Wilderness*, wildness.  
*Wimple*, a veil, a hood.  
*Window-bars*, lattice-work in the front part of a woman's dress.  
*Windring*, for winding.  
*Winter ground*, to protect a plant from frost.  
*Wis*, to know; "I wis," I know, I reckon.  
*With*, "I am with you;" "Here be with them;" "Take me with you," &c., forms of expression meaning, "I understand you;" "Enter into their humour;" "Let me know what you mean," &c.  
*Wittol*, one who knows and allows his wife's infidelity.

*Woman-tired*, one whose wife is his master.

*W'ood*, or *wud*, mad, crazy.

*Woolward*, without a shirt ; wearing a woollen garment next the skin, like a pilgrim on penance.

*World to come*, the world of a later generation, posterity.

*World, to go to the*, to commence life, to be married.

*Worship*, to honour, to reverence.

*Worts*, herbs, coleworts, cabbages.

*Wound*, twisted about, encircled.

*Wreak*, vengeance ; *wreakful*, vengeful.

*Writ*, the truth, from "holy writ," the Scriptures.

*Wrongs*, wrongers ; the persons who commit wrong.

*Wroth*, calamity, distress.

*Yare*, ready, nimble, manageable.

*Yaw*, to swerve from the course, a sea term.

*Y-clad*, clad, clothed ; *y-cleped*, cleped or called.

*Yeasty*, or *yesty*, frothy, foaming, like yeast or barm.

*Yellowness*, a jealous frame of mind.

*Yellowus*, a disease of the gall in horses.

*Yield*, to give up ; to report ; to reward.

*Zany*, a buffoon, a fool.

*Zed*, a superfluous letter ; a useless person.

THE END.





-4 return this item on or before

